

The Sketch.



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The Sketch

No. 1040.—Vol. LXXX.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1913.

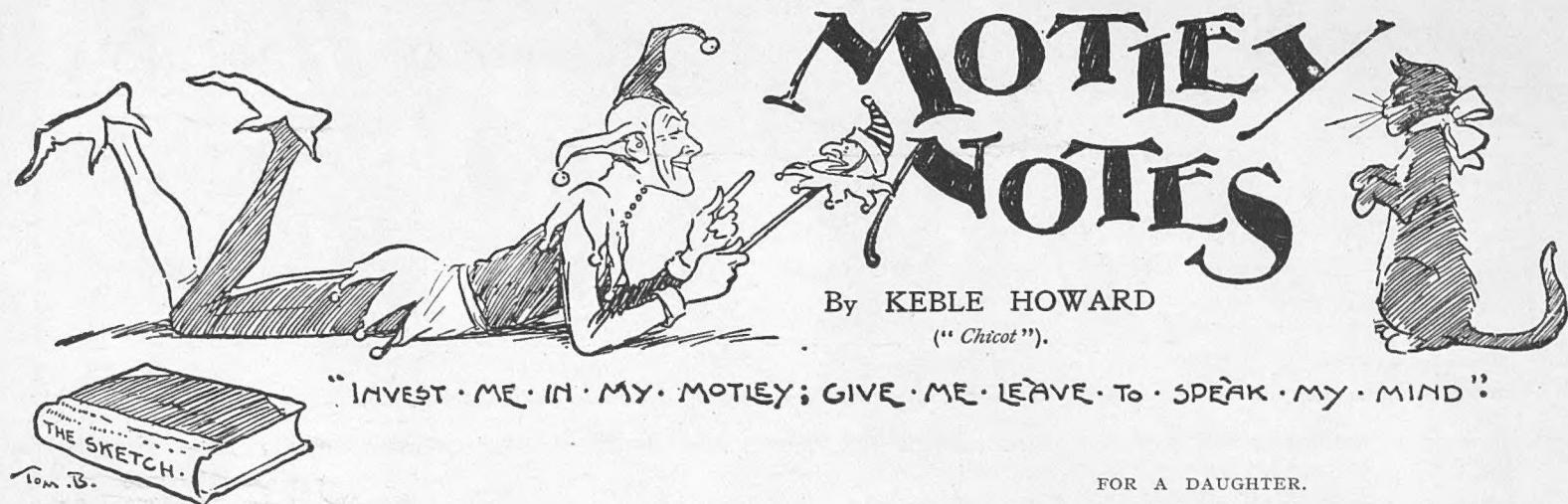
SIXPENCE.



THE PUCK WHO PULLS THE STRINGS AT DRURY LANE: MISS RENÉE MAYER.

Little Miss Renée Mayer, the Hop o' my Thumb of last year, is Puck in this year's Drury Lane pantomime and, as that sprite—strictly benevolent—pulls the strings which save the Sleeping Beauty from death by pricking of finger; cause her to be awakened from her long sleep at the kiss of the Prince; and give her the heart to say that she will marry her lover after the wicked fairy has made him bestial, and so regain for him his former shape. Miss Mayer's Puck could not be bettered.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.



IT so happens that this issue of *The Sketch*, friend the reader, will be in your hands on the first day of the New Year. I have to perform, therefore, two very pleasant duties. The first is to wish you, during the forthcoming twelvemonths, splendid health, as much happiness as you can stand, and just as much money as you really need for the simple wants of every day—but no more.

My second pleasant duty is to compile a short list of

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS.

FOR A POLITICIAN.

1. Do not persist in the foolish habit of placing your country before your party, and your party before yourself. The nation will not be happy until it is quite sure that you are taking proper care of your own interests.

2. Do not insult the nation by so persistently returning, intact, the very modest sum that we forward to you once a quarter. It may help you to swallow the pill if we assure you that the nation has no other use for the money.

FOR A HUSBAND.

1. Try to get out of the habit of making such passionate and overwhelming love to your wife.

2. Never mention the word "love" to your wife.

3. Do not persist in telling your wife that she is the cleverest, the most charming, and the most beautiful woman in the world. You merely succeed in depressing the good lady. Ignore her, praise her friends, and she will be quite content.

FOR A WIFE.

1. Do not bother to be cheerful when you are alone with your husband. When guests are absent, let there be profound gloom in the home. This is by far the quickest way of achieving your one aim in life—namely, to bore each other to death.

2. Never treat your servants as human beings. They are nothing of the sort. They are merely a pestilent scourge sent into the world to annoy you and make you miserable. Have a jolly good row with them, therefore, every morning, every afternoon, and every evening. Change them as often as possible. When they leave you, score off the next mistress by giving them all splendid "characters."

3. Whether your husband can afford it or not, dress magnificently. Nothing will conduce so surely to the happiness of your children and your husband as the knowledge that you have temporarily outshone the wives of the Butter Baronet and the Lard Lord.

FOR AN ELDER BROTHER.

1. Try not to treat your younger brother with such invariable kindness. Whilst he is still small enough, bring yourself to administer the unseen thump and the surreptitious kick. Make hay of him while the sun shines.

FOR AN ELDER SISTER.

1. Try to make up your mind to keep your little sister more in the background. Do not be for ever praising her hair, and her skill on the pianoforte, and her dancing. Distrust her most when she returns good for evil. This is merely another way of showing her superiority to yourself.

FOR A SON.

1. Rid yourself of the old-fashioned habit of treating your father with respect. He does no more for you than he ought to do, and not half so much as you will do for your son when you have one. Therefore, put father in his place and keep him there.

By KEBBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").

FOR A DAUGHTER.

1. Get rid of that implicit belief in your mother's superior wisdom. Try to see, quite clearly, that she is far behind the times. Always remember that there are no such words in the dictionary as "modest" or "maidenly." Mother's dictionary is hopelessly out of date. Never consult it.

2. If any young man of your acquaintance shows signs of wishing to be particularly agreeable to you, conceal the fact most carefully from your mother. The plain truth is that mother knows nothing whatever about the young men of the present day, who are quite, quite different from the young men of your father's day. Could mother distinguish between a "hopeful" and a "despairing" pair of socks? Heavens, no! Well, then!

FOR A COOK.

1. Why be so persistently sunny and genial? Come, now, you must have your trials! Let your mistress know about them. Don't keep them all to yourself.

2. Endeavour to place a higher value on your services.

3. Encourage your mistress to give more dinner-parties. If work is your pleasure, as you so constantly point out with that beaming smile of yours, why let them deprive you of any pleasure?

4. Don't be always kissing the kitchen-maid. She is a sweet, clean little thing, and you love her very, very dearly, but you must not spoil her with too much kindness, any more than you must be always taking the blame upon yourself when she breaks the plates, bends the knives, and cracks the saucepans. Because you do, you know. Don't you, now?

FOR AN ACTOR.

1. The next time—making the seventy-third—that a knighthood is offered you, try to force yourself to accept it. After all, old chap, why not? You keep on saying that you don't deserve it, and that you are not the finest actor on the London stage, but do we believe you? Not for a moment. Therefore, you shall be knighted. We, the great public, insist.

2. You have developed a habit of pushing the other members of the company into undue prominence, covering your action with the excuse that it is more artistic for everybody to be seen, occasionally, in the centre of the room. This is the sheerest nonsense. Art be hanged! Realism be hanged! What we want you to do is to get bang in the middle of the stage and stop there, with all the limes full on your handsome face. Think how truly awful it would be if we forgot, even for a single instant, what you looked like! Ugh! In the year of grace 1913, old fellow, do force self more to the centre. Yes?

FOR AN ACTRESS.

1. It has reached us that you have taken to staying out of the bill in order that your understudy may get her little foot on the first rung of the ladder. This is not right of you. We want you, *you*, YOU all the time, and be bothered to new talent! Bear this in mind, you great, generous, golden-hearted darling!

2. If you happen to know anything to the discredit of a sister in art, why this secrecy? Why shield the creature? Put it about, dear. It is no more than she deserves, and will help to feed the fierce flame that illuminates your own virtue.

FOR A PUBLISHER.

1. You are still giving authors too much for their books, and the public too much for their money. Stay that prodigal hand, O dashing One!

FOR AN AUTHOR.

1. Still lauding the work of your rivals in anonymous reviews? Fie!!!

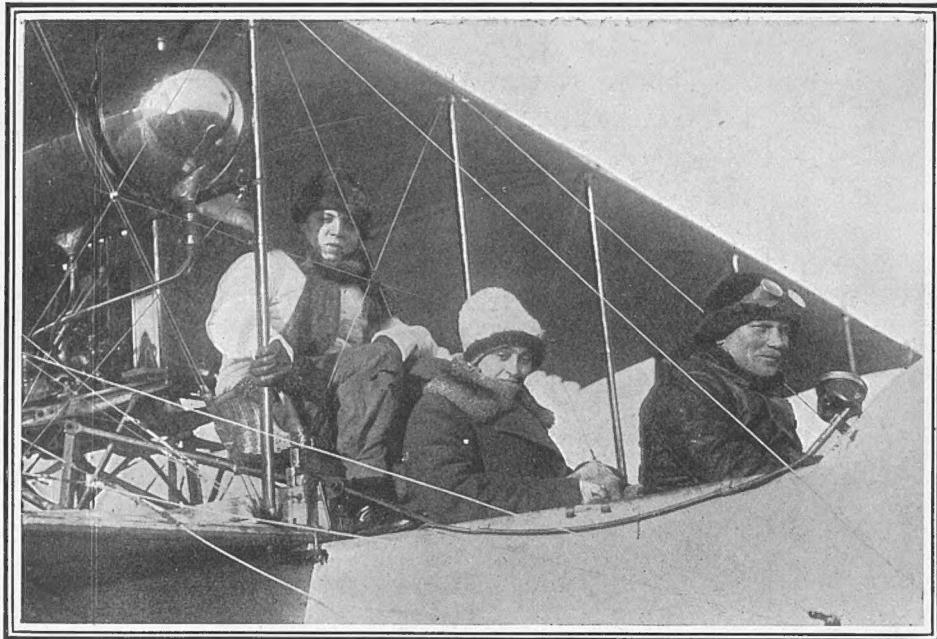
ATTACKED BY BOMB, AT DELHI: "RULERS" IN INDIA.



IMPERILLED IN THE NEW CAPITAL: LORD AND LADY HARDINGE OF PENSURST (AND FAMILY).

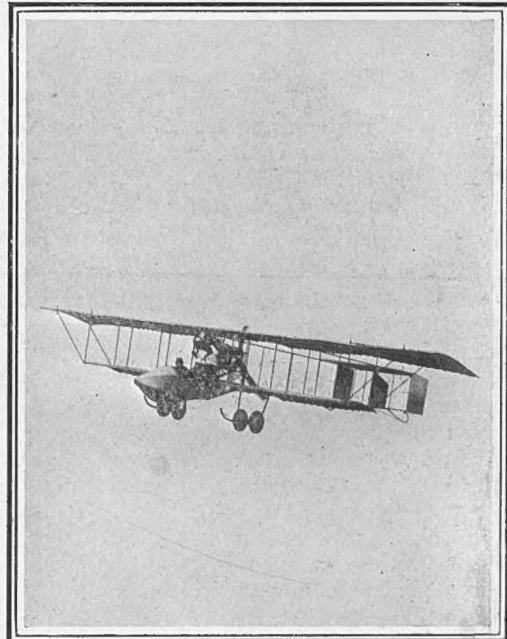
Lord Hardinge of Penshurst, Viceroy of India since 1910, was born on June 20, 1858, second son of the second Viscount Hardinge. He is Harrow and Cambridge; and entered the Diplomatic Service in 1880. At various times, he has filled posts at Constantinople, Berlin, Washington, Sofia, Bucharest, Paris, Teheran, and St. Petersburg. In 1903-1904 he was Assistant Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; in 1904-1906, Ambassador at St. Petersburg; and in 1906-1910, Permanent Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. He was gazetted C.B. in 1895; C.V.O. in 1903; P.C., K.C.M.G., and K.C.V.O. in 1904; G.C.M.G. and G.C.V.O. in 1905; I.S.O. in 1906; and G.C.B., G.M.S.I., G.M.I.E., and Baron Hardinge of Penshurst in 1910. Last year he received the Royal Victorian Chain. In 1890, he married the Hon. Winifred Sturt daughter of the first Baron Alington. His sons—Edward and Alexander—take their names from King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra; his daughter takes hers—Diamond—from King Edward's Derby winner, Diamond Jubilee. This photograph was taken about two years ago; but we give it as being the best family group.

SPORT AND EARNEST: CELEBRITIES AND THEIR RECREATIONS.

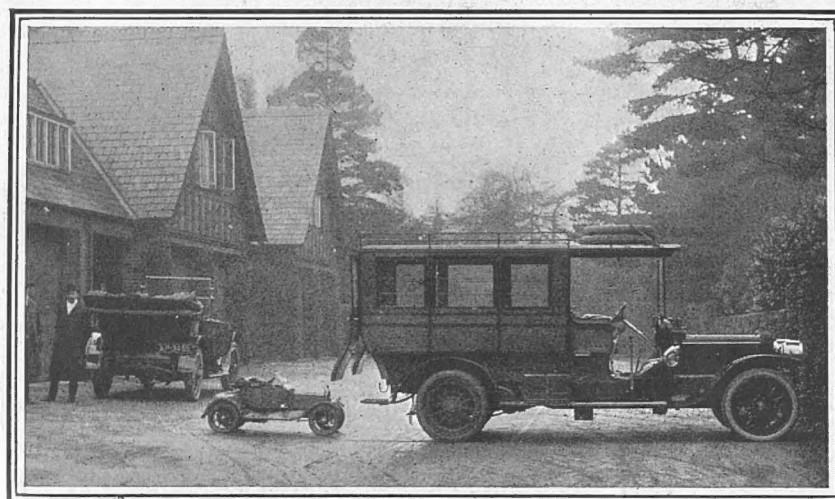


FLY WITH ME! A NEWLY MARRIED COUPLE AT MUNICH START FOR THEIR HONEYMOON
(OR "AEROMOON") IN A BIPLANE.

Herr Gustav Otto, the owner of the Otto Aeroplane Works at Munich, was married recently, and after the ceremony he and his bride went off in an aeroplane. In the left-hand photograph Herr Otto is seen on the left, sitting behind his wife. The pilot (on the right) is Herr Baierlein, a well-known airman. The right-hand photograph shows the bridal party in full flight. Of course, they used a biplane.—[Photograph by Kester and Co.]

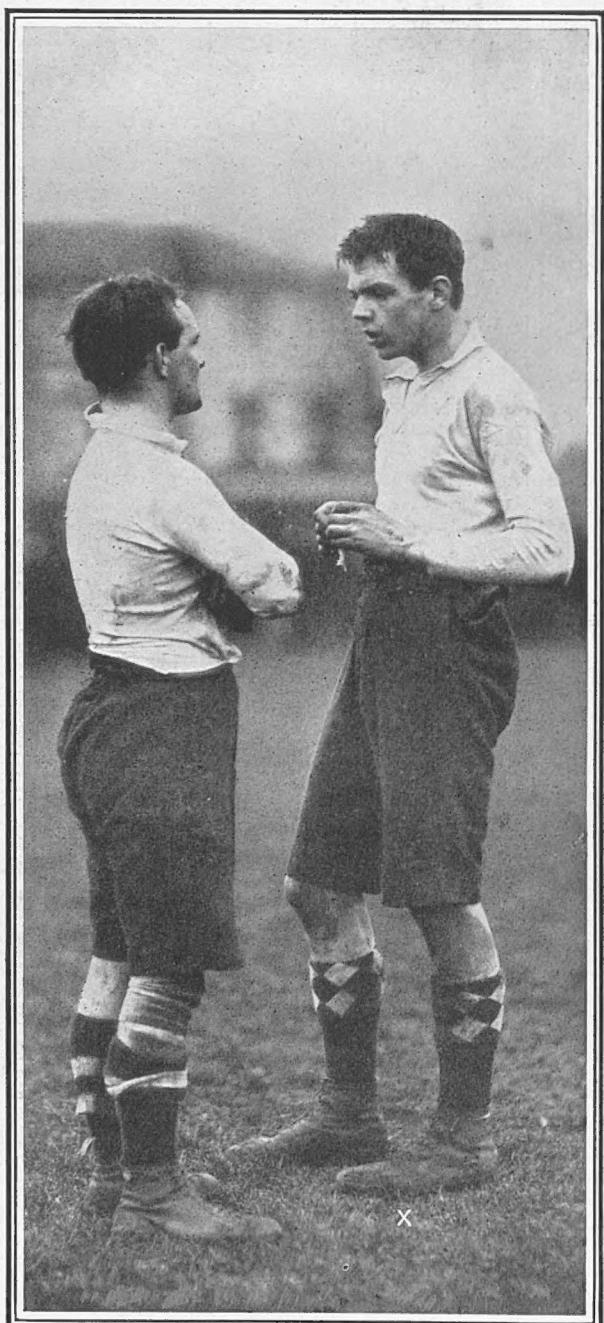


THE AEROPLANE WEDDING AT MUNICH:
THE BRIDAL PAIR IN FLIGHT.



A PYGMY CAR BEHIND A "NORMAL" CAR: PRINCE OLAF'S BABY CADILLAC
JUST AFTER ITS ARRIVAL AT SANDRINGHAM.

The miniature Cadillac car bought by Queen Alexandra for her grandson was recently shown at the Paris Motor Salon. It weighs 300 lb. and is an exact reproduction of a full-sized Cadillac, except that it is driven by electricity. Prince Olaf has been shown how to handle it by Mr. F. S. Bennett, and his first drive was watched by Queen Alexandra, the King and Queen of Norway, and Princess Victoria.

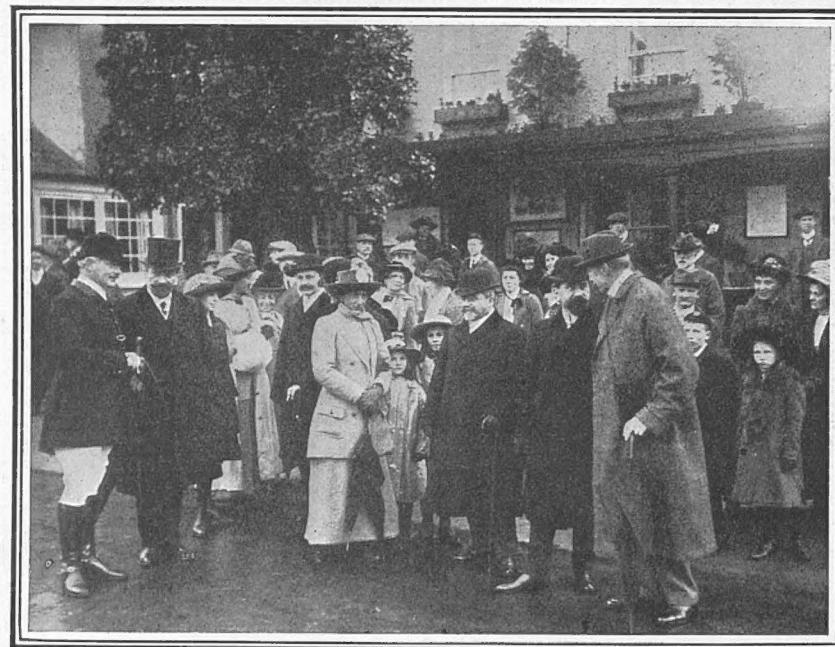


LIKE HIS FATHER, A WELSH "FORWARD": MR. G. LLOYD

GEORGE'S FIRST APPEARANCE IN FIRST-CLASS "RUGGER."

Mr. George Lloyd George (marked X), second son of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, made his first appearance in first-class Rugby football in the match at Wandsworth between the London Welsh and the London Irish.

The Welshmen won by 20 points to 5.—[Photograph by C.N.]



FROM BALKAN EARNEST TO BRITISH SPORT: BULGARIAN AND SERVIAN DELEGATES
AT A MEET OF THE SURREY UNION FOXHOUNDS.

Several of the Bulgarian and Servian Peace Delegates attended the meet of the Surrey Union Foxhounds on Boxing Day at Burford Bridge. On the left Mr. E. Murray, the Master, is seen explaining the hunt to M. Vesnitch, of Servia. In the centre is M. Daneff, the Bulgarian Premier. Next, to the right, is Colonel Jostoff, of Bulgaria.—[Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.]

THE GAIETY AND THE PEERAGE: MISS OLIVE MAY TO MARRY.



MISS OLIVE MAY (THE LADY ROSABELLE MERRYDEW, FIANCÉE OF LORD BICESTER, OF "THE SUNSHINE GIRL"), AND LORD VICTOR WILLIAM PAGET, HEIR-PRESUMPTIVE OF THE MARQUESS OF ANGLESEY, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED.

It is announced that a marriage will take place shortly between Lord Victor William Paget, only brother of the Marquess of Anglesey, and heir-presumptive to the title, and Miss Olive May, the well-known actress of the Gaiety Theatre. Lord Victor and Miss May first met at a supper-party about two years ago. Lord Victor Paget, who was raised to the rank of a Marquess's son six years ago, was born on May 17, 1889, was educated at Eton, and at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, was in the Royal Horse Guards, and is now in the General Reserve of Officers. Miss May will be remembered as having played many parts at the Gaiety with considerable success. It will be recalled that Lord Anglesey recently married Lady Marjorie Manners, daughter of the Duke of Rutland.—[Photographs by Lafayette and Rita Martin.]

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THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

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EVERY EVENING at 8.15, DRAKE, a play in 3 acts, by Louis N. Parker.
Produced by SIR HERBERT TREE, in conjunction with the Author.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.15,
And THURSDAYS, Jan. 2, Jan. 9, and Jan. 16.

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MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.30.

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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

FROM the children's point of view, probably the revival of "The Golden Land of Fairy Tales," at the Aldwych, is the first of pantomimes. Here is not one story, but many: "Little Red Riding Hood" and "Cinderella," and "Snowdrop," and "Puss in Boots," and "The Sleeping Beauty"—all told in one afternoon in a way that can be understood, and played by as nice a group of little girls as you could wish to meet. It is a joy to see Miss Florrie Lewis dance, and no Snowdrop could be daintier than Miss Isla Raine; while the animals and the ogre are great, and Herr Heinrich Berle's music has in it the delicacy and beauty which true fairyland requires.

"Shock-headed Peter" too, is a revival, and it shows that grown-up people have not abandoned the hope of entertaining the young. It is years since Messrs. Philip Carr and Nigel Playfair conceived the idea of putting "Struwwelpeter" upon the stage to combine amusement with moral exhortation; and it was kind of them not to lay too much stress on the moral. It may be a thoughtless thing to tease a blackamoor, but if he were not teased, we should never see Mr. Edmund Gwenn and Mr. Edward Rigby and Mr. Compton-Coutts at the Vaudeville emerging from the well of ink; and if Peter had not gone out into the rain, he would never have been caught up in a wonderful storm. And these punishments, together with others, were worth seeing; and it will not matter that Mr. Gwenn is more in his element when he is amusing people of his own age.

At the Lyceum there is none of that anxiety to be up to date or to revolutionise pantomime which you may notice elsewhere. There is just a good, sound, gorgeous ballet in the cave of the forty thieves, with a lady who twists herself into knots, and a little girl who remains for an astonishingly long time on the tips of her toes; and the rest is pure music-hall turns, some of it clever, and all of it vigorous and uproariously popular. A really good funny man would be an improvement: but Mr. Johnnie Schofield, Mr. Dave O'Toole, Little Zola (this is by no means a child), and Messrs. Scott and Whaley go down so well, and Miss Daisy James is such a vivacious principal boy, that it is quite obvious that there is nothing wrong.

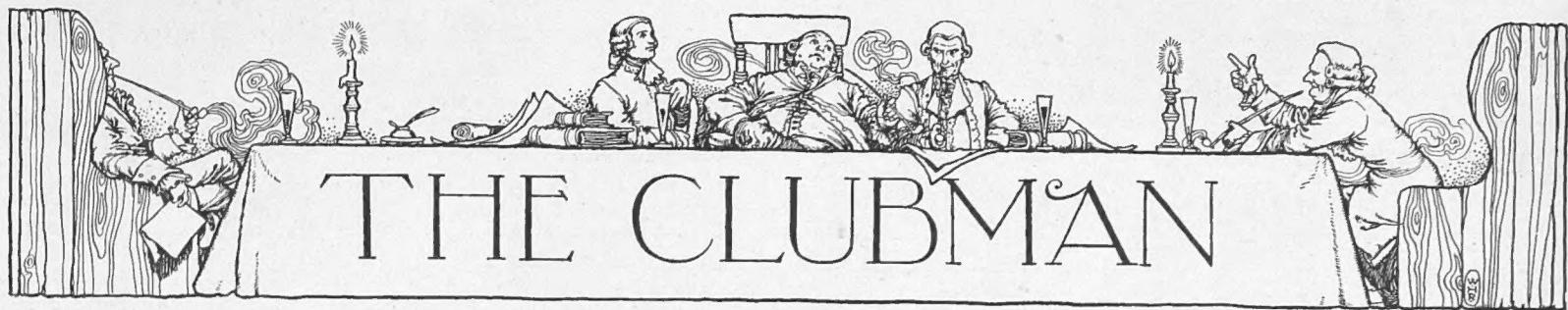
At their other theatre, the New Prince's, the Messrs. Melville have entered into vigorous competition with themselves. "Cinderella" is the kind of pantomime which will always be popular. The story is told in the traditional manner: there is a delightful little Cinderella in Miss Elise Craven—the very perfection of unspoilt and innocent childhood; and in strong contrast there is a continuous revel of the broadest and most effective music-hall humour, which is obviously what the audience wants. So many are the funny men that it is hard to distinguish one from the other: but probably Messrs. Woodhouse and Wells earn the loudest laughter till Mr. Harry Roxbury with a comic duel runs them close; and Mr. Sims Woolley is a very attractive Baron and Mr. K. Scott Barrie contributes one of those slender and elaborately dressed pantomime females which he makes his special study.

Hail once more to Peter and Wendy and the Pirate King! None of them will ever grow old, and the sadness of Peter's farewell is always tempered by the thought that, after all, they will never really part. Of course, Miss Pauline Chase plays Peter again, and will play him for years to come; and old friends are welcomed in Mr. Holman Clark and Mr. George Shelton. A new experiment is tried in giving the part of Wendy to a little girl—Miss Mary Glynne—who acts it delightfully, and is a perfect little mother to her boys.

The public ought not to take long in discovering the virtues of the little troupe of entertainers at the Strand Theatre who describe their performance as "Nicely, Thanks," an expression which conveys the satisfaction with which it is received. They dance well and they sing well, and they fool admirably; and as they have some very pretty music, and a number of neatly written songs and choruses, together with a burlesque oratorio, which goes with a rush, they ought easily to establish themselves as the foremost of the many rivals to the Follies.

Though the call of the pantomime and the children's play is loud in the land, the revival of "John Bull's Other Island" at the Kingsway is a useful reminder that there are other things that matter more; and a brilliant revival it is, with Mr. Louis Calvert, Miss Ellen O'Malley, Mr. William Poel, Mr. J. D. Beveridge, Mr. Harcourt Williams, and Mr. J. Fisher White most prominent in a company which brings back the famous days of the Court Theatre, when the great world had not yet learnt what Mr. Bernard Shaw could do.

"Charley's Aunt" still holds its own, and has joined the list of Christmas annuals. This year it is at the Little Theatre that the old lady from Brazil, played with inexhaustible energy and spirit by Mr. Charles Windermere, is earning her tribute of hearty laughter.



THE WHEELS OF SOCIETY IN 1912; A CLUBMAN'S RETROSPECT.

The Influence of the King and Queen. We have arrived at the end of a year of strikes and threatened strikes, a year in which all the seasons seemed displaced, for the spring was a summer and the summer a wet spring; and now, at the birth of a new year, perhaps I may be permitted to look back across the old year, and note the matters that have left a mark on the memory of a clubman. And the first of these is the pleasure it has given to their people that the King and Queen have moved so much amongst them. Several of the great industrial centres have been visited by their Majesties, and a great number of their people, both rich and poor, in these islands have been given an opportunity of seeing their King and their Queen, who have moved as freely amongst the very poor as they have amongst the rich. In London itself it seems to me that the simple life of the Court is beginning to teach simplicity to the people of the many circles in Society which revolve round the central wheel, and that we are likely in the near future to find London keeping earlier hours and eating simpler meals, and that a revival of that home life which foreigners so much envy is rising above the horizon.

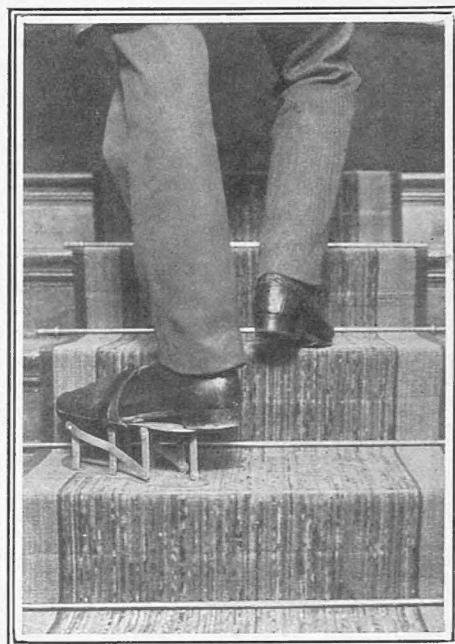
Our Clubman Prince. And the eyes of the public have also been much on the Prince of Wales, who comported himself as the grandson of King Edward might be expected to do during his long stay in France, and won the hearts of all the French, who adopted him as their little Prince. It was Judic, I think, who told King Edward, before he came to the throne, that he ought to be Prince de Gaule, not Prince de Galles, and many Frenchmen to-day envy England her Heir to the Throne. The Prince has become an Oxford undergraduate, and has already made his mark amongst his fellow-freshmen in athletics, having taken

kindly to football and running, his long runs over the hills at Dartmouth serving him in good stead with the University beagles. He is also a fully fledged clubman, having been elected at Vincent's, the qualification of a year's residence at the University being waived, and is now also a member of the Marlborough Club, which is an honour that men not of royal blood generally achieve only when they are grey-headed.

The Wet Summer. The rain poured down incessantly in August and September must have affected

disastrous year, and cricket match after cricket match was abandoned owing to the downpour. For the first time for very many years there were two days during the Canterbury Week on which not a single ball was bowled; and later on in August, at a foreign resort by the sea, I watched family after family pack up their boxes in despair and re-cross the Channel, thinking that they might just as well spend rainy days in their own homes as in a hotel in France. The beginning of September filled up all the hotels again with people who believed that the rain could not go on for ever; and what happened in France no doubt happened at all the seaside towns in England. I am afraid that the rain must have diminished woefully the takings of the open-air exhibitions, such as the White City and Earl's Court, and that the admirably planned and carried out "Shakespeare's England" was not a financial success.

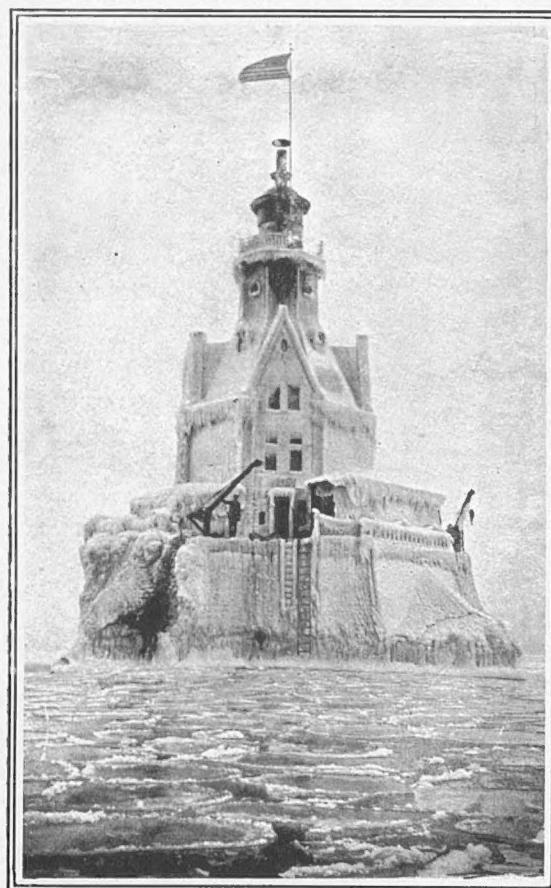
Ball-Room Pageantry. Two of the great public balls of the year given for charities were carried out on a larger scale and with even more complete success than charity balls usually achieve. The Hundred Years Ago Ball was a splendid pageant of the costumes of our grandfathers. People willingly paid large sums for the boxes at the Albert Hall, and most of the dresses were as well made and as perfect in every detail as though they were intended to be worn for a lifetime and not for one evening only. And the dresses for the Pantomime Ball were as brilliant, if not quite so substantial, as those made for its predecessor. If there have been fewer balls than usual this year at the great houses, these charity balls and the artists' balls, and such balls as the Arabian Nights one at Covent Garden, gave every class of Society an opportunity for "dressing up." If a lady spends £100 on a dress to go to a fancy ball at a private entertainment at some great house, it is quite possible that the finger of the scornful may be pointed at her, and that she may be denounced as one of the "idle rich"; but the same lady may spend the same amount on a dress for a charity ball and may give any sum from thirty to a hundred guineas for a box, and her expenditure is held to be all in the sacred cause of charity.



HALVING THE EFFORT OF STAIR-MOUNTING: A DEVICE FOR ASSISTING THE WEAK OF HEART TO CLIMB WITH SAFETY.

This curious "slipper" suggests the old patten, but is for quite different use. It is designed, in fact, to lessen the effort of stair-mounting by giving additional springiness to the feet. Only one is used.

Changes. Of changes in Clubland there have this year been comparatively few. Some of the older clubs have felt it necessary to move with the times, and even that great Conservative institution, the Carlton, has, on the advice of its committee, brought itself nearer into line with the younger clubs, though it still remains the hermit club of Pall Mall. The United Service, which has both the oldest and the youngest members of any of the great Service clubs, has been rejuvenated, has taken in the two houses next door to it, and with a spacious dining-room looking out on to Pall Mall and the old dining-room changed into a fine smoking-room, and with its new bed-rooms for members, is as up-to-date a club as is to be found in London.



A "CHRISTMAS CAKE" BY JACK FROST: RACINE REEF LIGHTHOUSE, LAKE SUPERIOR, IN WINTER.
Photograph by G. J. Cornell.

the earnings of all those who gain their living by catering for the open-air pleasures of the British. I should fancy that the boat-builders and the hotel-keepers of the riverside must have had a



SMALL TALK

AFTER light fare (and for some time there was none other to be had) at many theatres, a royal party did royally at His Majesty's. Musical comedy is all very well, but "Drake," with Sir Herbert Tree making even the vestibule and box as good as a play by his courtly presence and attentions, was an event full of pomp and circumstance. In a special box arranged at the back of the stalls, the King and Queen, the Prince of Wales, Princess Mary, and Princes Albert, George, and Henry did their duty by the legitimate drama. The special box was necessary, not only because it offered a particularly good view of the stage, but also because the Royal Family and its attendants would have had no elbow-room in any other.



RESIGNED FROM THE JOINT MASTERSHIP OF THE MEYNELL : MR. G. H. HARDY.

Mr. Hardy was Joint Master with Mr. F. Gretton.
Photograph by Howard Barrett.

not stand the simple test—of calling. And guest-rooms, like soup-kitchens, can welcome monarchs, or beggars, of both sexes. Even Queen Victoria had glimpses of monastic life, and Edward VII. was the staunch friend of nuns both on the Riviera and in the Isle of Wight. When one of them said to him: "We pray for your conversion to Rome every day," he summoned a good-humoured "Thank you," instead of explaining that any success attending her efforts would play havoc with the Throne.

High Priests. The Queen of Greece's visit is, in this case, an exceptional event. But kings and queens are privileged in most Churches. It is not generally remembered

that the English Sovereign is by hereditary right a prebendary of St. David's Cathedral, or, in other words, a clergyman. And far more unexpected are the priestly powers held by the Queen of Italy. Not long ago, in the absence of a cleric, she gave absolution to a dying workman. And the Vatican smiled approval on the act.

In and Out of Town. There was little to keep the war-correspondents in the Balkans for Christmas. The Hon. Maurice Baring, one of the few men who faced the cholera camp, has been seen in town looking none the worse for his adventures. And at Mrs. Hannay's party in Abbey Road, given on the eve of her daughter's wedding, Mr. Nevinson had a good deal to tell that would not have passed the Press Censor. The Hannay wedding was the last of the year; and the last engagement was the one announced between Sir Henry Hawley, Bt., and Miss Curteis. Miss Curteis is a Sussex

girl through and through, and is almost inclined to claim as an ancestress the lady of the antique skull recently found near her home in the favourite county. Mr. Hilaire Belloc, the county laureate, will be busy writing an epithalamium. Another Sussex engagement is that of Miss Frances Fitzalan Howard and Mr. Arthur Leigh-Bennett. In their case Lent is not considered suitable for a wedding; but it is probable that a date directly after Easter will be chosen. Half-a-dozen peerages are interested in the event, for the young lady is deeply entangled in noble relationships; and her father is Lord Howard of Glossop. She should not, for all that, be called Miss Howard of Glossop, as she was the other day in a highly correct penny print.

The Duchess and Her Troupe.

Eaton starts the year with a bout of something very like hard work. It is a "two performances house" for Jan. 2. The day's theatrical programme, as arranged by the Duchess, is characteristic; to get it done at all during the afternoon and evening her company must rattle through it. It is none the worse for that. The Princess of Pless, the Duchess herself, Mr. G. Cornwallis West, Mr. Shaddock, and the rest, play together with the confidence and dash of an Eaton polo-team.

MRS. HENRY JACOB DELAVAL ASTLEY (FORMERLY MISS MAY KINDER).

The marriage of Miss May Kinder, well known as a charming musical-comedy actress, and Mr. Henry Jacob Delaval Astley, only son of Lady Florence Heathcote-Drummond-WilloUGHBY, took place in October of 1909. Mrs. Astley is an American, of an old Quaker family. To the regret of all, Mr. Astley, it will be recalled, was killed while flying at Belfast, in September last. He made an heroic endeavour to avoid crashing into the crowd, and this probably made his fall fatal. He was the owner of Chequers Court, near Great Missenden.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

Mr. Costley-White, the Duchess herself, Mr. G. Cornwallis West, Mr. Shaddock, and the rest, play together with the confidence and dash of an Eaton polo-team.

Town is fuller for the New Year than it was for Christmas. But crowds are relative; although the crush in the restaurants is at its height on the last night of the year, there was a certain bustle round the Ritz, the Carlton, and other centres of entertaining during the whole of Christmas week. Crowded tables call for diplomacy—in head-waiters! The arrival of various parties of Peace Delegates threatened for a moment to put the Ritz's own Lord Chamberlain at a loss. But only for a moment. The Bulgarian and Turkish representatives found themselves at adjacent tables. And each partook of the Christmas fowl unruffled.



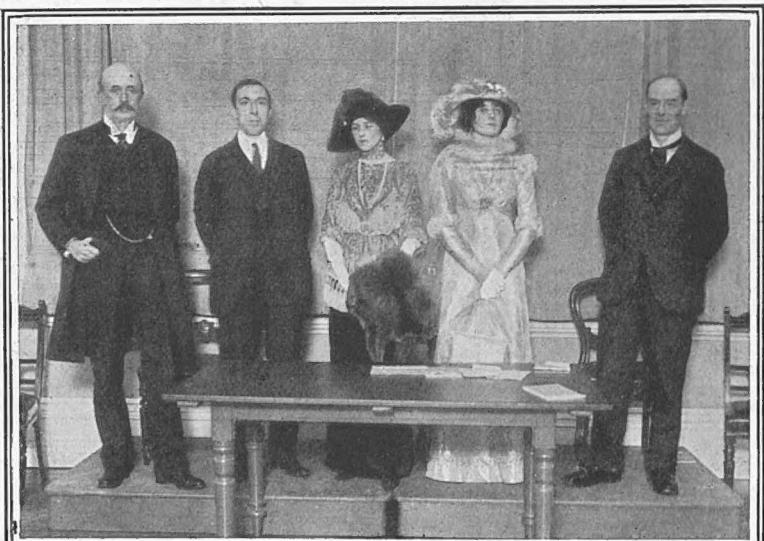
TO MARRY THE REV. HAROLD COSTLEY-WHITE ON JAN. 3: MISS HOPE RANGER.

Miss Ranger is the eldest daughter of Mr. A. W. G. Ranger, D.C.L., of South Croydon, of the firm of Ranger, Burton, and Frost, solicitors. Before her marriage, her mother was known as Miss Alice Elizabeth Chambers, of Bendigo, Australia. Educated at Bristol Grammar School and College for the Higher Education of the Blind, Worcester, and at Worcester College, Oxford, Mr. Ranger took a first class in the Jurisprudence School in 1875; became B.C.L. (first class) in 1876; and D.C.L. in 1881. He was admitted a solicitor in 1879.—[Photograph by Swaine.]



TO MARRY MISS HOPE RANGER ON JAN. 3: THE REV. HAROLD COSTLEY-WHITE.

Mr. Costley-White was ordained deacon in 1902, and priest in the following year. He was an assistant master at Sherborne from 1901 to 1903, and at Rugby from 1903 to 1910. He is now Headmaster of Bradford.—[Photograph by Swaine.]



BELIEVERS IN THE PUBLIC-HOUSE BEAUTIFUL: EARL GREY, MR. PART, THE COUNTESS OF LYNTON, MRS. NOBLE, AND MR. DENT AT THE ROEBUCK INN, BUCKHURST HILL, ESSEX.

The photograph was taken at the opening of the inn under Earl Grey's scheme of beautiful public houses.—[Photograph by Topical.]

WINTER SPORTING: SOCIETY ON SWISS ICE AND SNOW.



1. MISS MURIEL WILSON AND MISS MURIEL HARRISON, AT ST. MORITZ.

2. SIR PHILIP SASOON RECEIVING INSTRUCTION FROM MR. MEYER, AT ST. MORITZ.

3. PRINCE TALPUR AND MR. MAX MÜLLER ON THEIR "BICYCLE-TOBOGGANS," AT MÜRREN.

4. LORD CARBERY SNAPSHOTTING; MEMBERS OF THE HOCKEY TEAM OF OXFORD UNDERGRADUATES AMUSED AT THE PROCEEDINGS, AT MÜRREN.

5. MR. T. A. TATTON, LORD ST. LEONARDS, AND MR. C. PEASE WATCHING THE SKATING AFTER A RUN ON THEIR "BICYCLE-TOBOGGANS," AT MÜRREN.

6. MR. HALL CAINE, AT ST. MORITZ.

7. SIR GEORGE LEWIS SKATING WITH HIS DAUGHTERS, ELIZABETH (LEFT) AND PEGGY, AT MÜRREN.

8. MRS. HALL CAINE, AT ST. MORITZ.

Miss Wilson is the daughter of the late Mr. Arthur Wilson, of Tranby Croft. Mr. Arthur Stanley Wilson, one of her brothers, is M.P. for the Holderness Division of Yorks.—Sir Philip Sassoon is the third Baronet of a creation dating from 1890, was born in December 1888, and succeeded his father last year. He was educated at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford. He is M.P. for Hythe.—Lord St. Leonards, third Baron of a creation dating from 1852, was born in November 1890, and succeeded in 1908. He was educated at Westminster and at Christ Church, Oxford.—Lord Carbery, tenth Baron of a creation dating from 1715, and a Baronet, was born in May 1892, and succeeded when he was six. He is in the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve.—Mr. Hall Caine is, of course, the famous novelist and dramatist.—Sir George Lewis, the second Baronet, was born in September 1868, and succeeded his father, Sir George, in 1911. He is the head of the famous firm of solicitors, Messrs. Lewis and Lewis. In 1896 he married Miss Marie Hirsch, of Mannheim.—[Photographs by Topical, C.N., and Sport and General.]



THE DUKE OF NORFOLK.

THE Duke of Norfolk answers to no ready-made description. Generalities about dukes come nowhere near him. He is not idle, and he is no sportsman. At Arundel he goes out with a walking-stick in the full season of guns and pheasants. This year he shot a bird, but only to reassure himself as to his eyesight. He did it as another man might go to the oculist's, and enjoyed it no more.

The Norfolk Jacket. If there is anything ready-made about him, it is his coat. "The worst-dressed man in London," said a kinsman. But the cousin's eye is always the most critical; and that label is itself like a ready-made coat—it does not really fit. The smallest save one of the dukes, thickly shod, the pockets of his black frock-coat stuffed with paper, he rehearsed the Coronation canopy-bearers. The Duchess of Portland, the Duchess of Hamilton, and the Duchess of Sutherland went through their splendid paces before the little man; and Lord Rosebery was drilled like a recruit. On duty his Grace hardly ever smiled; and one of the Duchesses confessed herself almost frightened. She had never known, she said, a man so sparing of compliments!

Behind the Cage. Of the private man many of the Peeresses know next to nothing. They know as little about him (for he is no diner-out in the great world) as the post-mistresses knew when they suddenly discovered that there was an active personality instead of a name at St. Martin's-le-Grand. But out of hours he was the least ferocious of all customers. "Mr., Mrs., or Miss?" snapped the lady from behind the cage, when he was himself sending a cable, and being asked for his name and address, signed "Norfolk." She refused it as insufficient with the contemptuous click of the tongue that comes of long office hours; but the same evening she learned her mistake, and wrote to the P.M.G.,

throwing herself on his mercy. She still keeps a cordial note of forgiveness, signed the same way.

The Legends. That incident has been twisted into every sort of shape and form. One version ends with the sacking of the whole post-office staff—or of Arundel Castle, I forget which. And there are other legends. There is the Legend of the Railway Station, which tells how his Grace was nearly shut into the guard's van, with somebody else's sixpence in the palm of his hand; there is the Legend of the Lay Brother; there is the Legend of the Trespassing, in which he was warned off the park by his own keepers. The Legend of the Barrel-Organs is not so difficult to probe for a beginning. The Duke is fond of barrel-organs, and the sensitive ear of the St. James's Square policeman has suffered assault and battery for his Grace's sake on more than one occasion.

The Charities.

The largest charity is not too large, nor the smallest too small for him. He has entertained fifty thousand school children in Norfolk Park; and he has travelled fifty miles to give prizes at a small village school of thirty souls. He gives Norfolk Park to Sheffield or his seat to an old lady with the same willingness. On one occasion he made a special journey from London to be present at a children's concert at Armering, in Sussex. At the station, where his carriage was in readiness, he observed a woman with a large parcel in her arms, and immediately invited her into the carriage with him, as the wind was bitterly cold. But she was going the opposite way—with the result that she had the carriage and he walked. The thing is of small account—too small for most dukes to have troubled with. Your ordinary man might have given his Holbein to the nation, and kept his seat. But the Holbein was not useful, or the Duke, at least, could not see it in that light. It meant, however, a thing that was much more useful—the money that goes every year in its thousands to charities.

Dilecto Filio. "Our Duke" was the name made in Sheffield, and "Our Duke" say all Catholics. "Dilecto Filio," writes the Pope. But during the many audiences granted the Duke in the Vatican the Pontiff tries his tongue with the British syllables. "How is Corkhill?" asked the Pontiff on one occasion—his shot at "Churchill." "Norfolk" and "Howard" are words equally foreign to the Venetian Peter. To Lourdes the Duke goes as often as to Rome. But not because of miracles, nor even because prayers are answered. Over thirty years ago he and the first Duchess went there to offer a *Novena* for the heir of all the Howards. The *Novena* did not prevent the tragedy. But Lourdes still sees the Duke, and has seen him in all times of joy or suffering. The present Duchess is descended from the Earl and Countess of Nithsdale of famous adventure.



PREMIER DUKE AND EARL AND HEREDITARY EARL MARSHAL AND CHIEF BUTLER OF ENGLAND: THE DUKE OF NORFOLK.

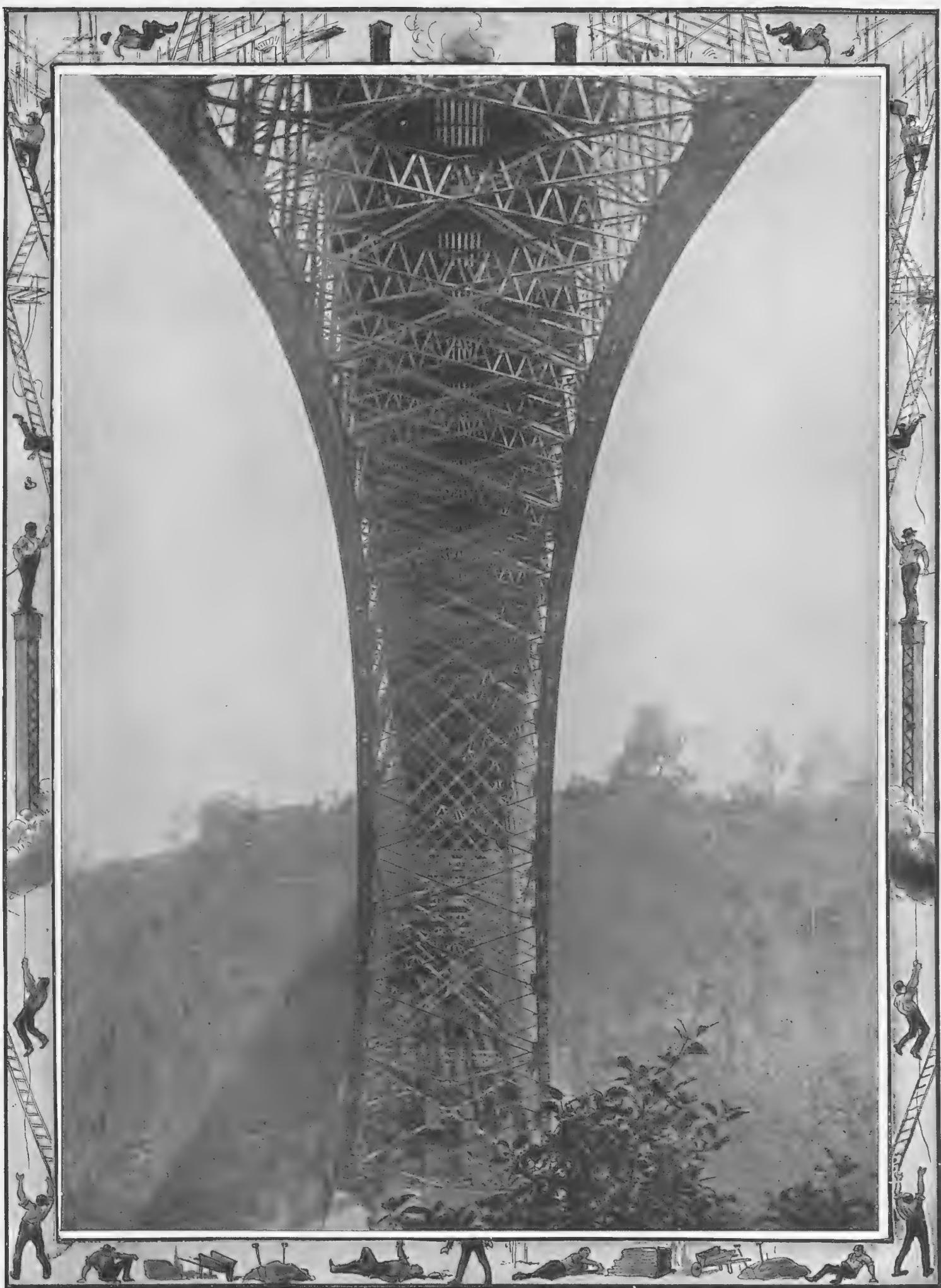


THE DUCHESS OF NORFOLK.

Before her marriage, which took place in 1904, her Grace was known as the Hon. Gwendolen Mary Constable-Maxwell (Baroness Herries in her own right), daughter of the eleventh Baron Herries. She has three children: the Earl of Arundel and Surrey, born in May 1908; Lady Mary Rachel Howard, born in 1905; and Lady Katherine Mary Howard, born in 1912.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

WHERE THE (STEEL) RAINBOW BEGINS: AN "ARC-EN-CIEL."



A NEW SPAN OF LIFE FOR THE CONGO: A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF A BRIDGE SEEN FROM BELOW.

Our illustration is noteworthy both for its remarkable photographic effect and as an indication of the way in which the engineer is continually penetrating into the wilder parts of Africa and paving the way for the influences of modern civilisation. The photograph shows the span, seen from below, of a new bridge recently constructed in connection with the opening up of the Congo border. It may well be called "a new span of life" for that région, seeing that, in time of peace, bridges are the means of conveyance of the necessities of life, and still more in time of war would be vital links in an army's chain of communications.



"THE SLEEPING BEAUTY," AT DRURY LANE.

Of Fairy Curses. One of the curiosest things about bad fairies is the way they never trouble to make their curses really effective. It may be carelessness, or a lack of experience, or it may be that they are not so bad as they seem; but, whatever the reason, this futility always prevents them from commanding that awful respect to which they would otherwise be entitled. I have frequently noticed this in pantomimes: and I remember that when I really believed in fairies from reading about them in books, I was from time to time struck with the same profound reflection. In mortal affairs, as we know, the rule is, once a curse, always a curse; and I can recall no single occasion on which a maiden aunt, whose invitation to a christening was overlooked, left any loophole for the inclusion of the infant among her legatees. But take the fairy Anarchista, for instance. She cursed three times—horribly. But it never came off; not once. True, she looked quite young; and certainly was very handsome. But she wore a black dress with demoniacal spots and patterns, and even Katisha could not have been more ferocious when Nanki-Poo withheld the fascination of her left elbow. And her name was Miss Alice Chartres. Yet did Miss Florence Smithson mind when she was condemned to fall asleep for ever? Or Mr. George Graves when he became a scarecrow? Or Mr. Wilfrid Douthitt when his complexion turned dark blue all over (like that of baby when popped too suddenly into boiling water), and hair came out all over his face and hands? Not a bit of it.

And Their Effects. No; I am not quite accurate. Mr. Douthitt was a little worried. It did not affect his voice, which became more clear and powerful than ever; but he lay in a loft and was depressed. This was because it was the first time he had played in pantomime, and he thought, in his innocence, that there might be something in the curse. But Miss Smithson bore it wonderfully and just sang as usual like a bird, with that little top-note of hers twittering across to the back of the gallery; and Mr. Graves apparently liked being cursed. This, no doubt, was because he had married the fairy and seen her in curl-papers; a thing which no fairy, however bad, can survive with her cursing power unimpaired. He just treated her with the contempt she deserved, and when Mr. Will Evans came along, bringing with him his cheery face and his red nose, the two of them sat down and took wine together, or read the "want" advertisements in their morning papers, or conducted a brass band, or struggled with collapsible garden-chairs, just as if there were no prospect of either of them turning again into more scaring scarecrows than they were at the

moment. Nor did the shadow of impending doom deter Mr. Graves from the babbling of impromptu nonsense on any subject that turned up, and making us all devoutly thankful that one fear, at any rate, had not been realised—the fear that there would be no George Graves this year at Drury Lane.

**Extreme Youth
of Good Fairies.**

This paragraph, as will be seen by the side-note (which must be read as governing its meaning whenever there is any doubt at all), deals with the extreme youth of good fairies. The most convenient example to take is Puck, who last year was "Hop o' My Thumb," and danced a little dance to the tune of "I'm Henry the Eighth, I am," and this year—having grown no larger in the interval—dances a little dance and sings a little song called, I believe, "Kitchy Koo." Puck's name is Miss Renée Mayer, and after Mr. Graves and the ballet, he is the most important person on the stage. He is the explanation of the futility of Anarchista's curses. He would melt the heart of the most blood-thirsty curse. And so he does; for he arranges that Miss Florence Smithson shall wake up if Mr. Wilfrid Douthitt kisses her, and sings to her (though Mr. Douthitt's voice would have been equal to that without fairy help), and that Mr. Graves shall no longer be a scarecrow (a more troublesome job) if Mr. Douthitt throws to him a word of sympathy; and I think he also arranges that Mr. Douthitt shall

cease to be a hairy monster if Miss Smithson puts her hands in his and takes an awful risk of the cure not working. All this is a great feat for one so young and small and deliciously child-like as Miss Renée Mayer; but she does it triumphantly, and has gained a little confidence by last year's experience without losing the air of appealing timidity which blows all curses away.

**About the
Pantomime.** And so to conclude with a few words about the pantomime in general. It is a most excellent pantomime, and has music and singing in it which would have been undreamt of a few years ago. No man is a woman and no woman is a man—"principal boys" and loud-voiced laundresses are banished, perhaps for ever: in their place are daintiness, a story which might almost do for a comic opera, Miss Smithson, Mr. Douthitt, Miss Renée Mayer, and Mr. Graves; and as to the ballet and the scenery, was it not Dr. Johnson



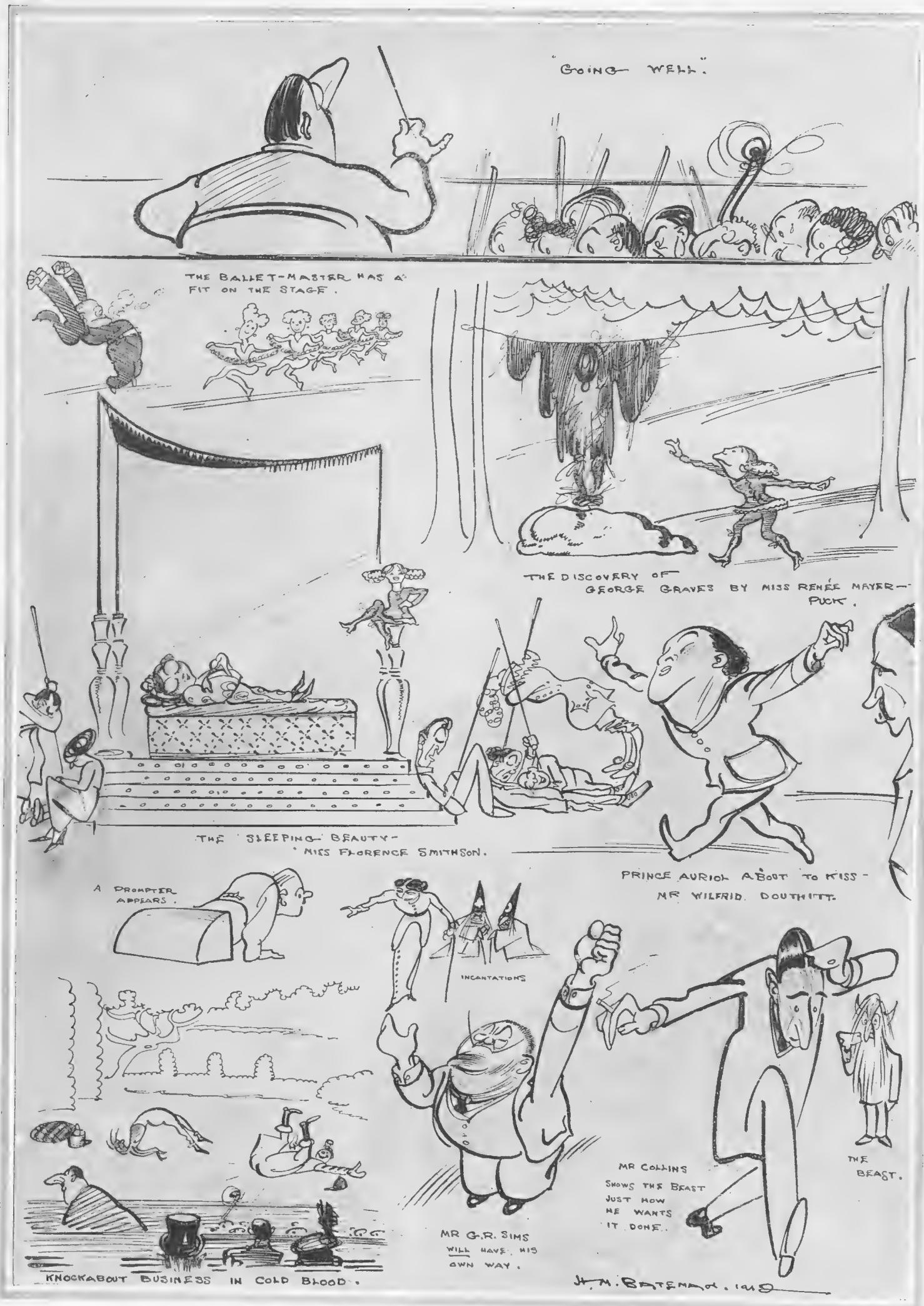
AT THE SEMI-DRESS RE-
HEARSAL AT DRURY LANE:
"DEMI-COSTUME."
CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



FUN-MAKERS: MR. GEORGE GRAVES AS THE DUKE OF MONTE BLANCO AND MR. WILL EVANS AS POMPOS.
CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

who remarked: "Sir, Arthur Collins has surpassed himself"? The which remark settled the matter for all time; except that this year there seems to be a little more restraint than is usual on the exuberance of the colouring, and the numbers of the troops engaged.

BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: "THE SLEEPING BEAUTY."



A SEMI-DRESS REHEARSAL: DRURY LANE'S PANTOMIME IN THE LAST STAGE OF ITS MAKING.

For the purpose of making his sketches, Mr. Bateman attended the final rehearsal of "The Sleeping Beauty" at Drury Lane. Certain of the costumes were not visible on that occasion; hence the "mixed" dress worn by some of the characters caricatured. The pantomime was duly produced on Boxing Day, with great and well-deserved success.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

CROWNS·CORONETS·COURTIERS

THE King's success with the children of Beaconsfield was the thing that pleased him most during his little tour into Bucks. An infant is not always easily dealt with in public life. Many great men have been sorely tried by the devastating silence and the stare of extreme youth. The infant stares, and there's an end! But children take naturally to his Majesty, as they do to most sailors and to pretty women. Of the bond between beauty and the child a charming thing was said the other day. "Tell me," asked the privileged friend of a lovely woman, "tell me what is the chief pleasure you get from being beautiful?" Without a moment's hesitation, Miss Muriel Wilson answered, simply "That children run to me!"



WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS THREE TIMES TO—MR. A. M. SAMUEL: THE BRIDE-GROOM WHO RENOUNCED WEDDING PRESENTS.

Mr. Arthur M. Samuel, Lord Mayor of Norwich, who was married the other day, refused to accept any wedding presents, as an attempt to break down a custom which he considers bears hardly on people of small means. Mr. Samuel has other distinctions. He is said to be the youngest Lord Mayor that ever was; he is the first Jew to be chief magistrate of Norwich; and he is the Unionist candidate for Stretford, Lancashire.

Photograph by Lafayette.

found for the Lord Mayor of Norwich's shyness of wedding gifts. Not long ago the Duke of Northumberland made a point of discouraging a scheme among neighbours and tenants at Alnwick, for making a presentation to Lady Mary Percy on her marriage. His view was based on the tradition that no appeals for subscriptions should ever be made in connection with the family. If we once break through the tradition, said he,

Post-Haste to Switzerland. Mr. and Mrs. Asquith

are spending the vacation within easy motor-ing reach of London, and several Ministerial New Years are being celebrated inside the radius. Miss Violet Asquith and Lady Aberdeen left the family circle with many regrets, but no other week seemed possible for the Atlantic journey. One member of the Cabinet has done the same, or, at least, gone right out of hearing of the postman's knock, and he is the Postmaster-General, who is throwing snowballs in Switzerland. Mr. Birrell, who was tired of the subject two years ago, has been spending the holidays where no murmur of the Crown Jewels is heard; and Mr. Churchill and Lord Charles Beresford have gone their different ways.

The Problem of Presents. Several prece-

breaches will be recurring all the time; "if presents are made in one instance, many people will feel that it will be invidious if they are not made in another, and thus they are repeated until they are felt to be a burden, though none like to refuse to take part in them."

The Rifle Men. In the

Mary received an address of congratulation, and went without the silver tea-tray. Bearing a multitude of names, the parchment is rarer than anything that Alnwick could have procured at the Regent Street tray-shops; but Alnwick, having set its heart on spending money was disappointed. Not all the Dukes of Northumberland nor all the Mayors of Norwich can stifle the human desire of making presents, a desire fully as strong as that of receiving them. But merely as a fashion, perhaps, the wedding present is on the wane. "From one hundred friends on the Stock Exchange" is the legend on a rifle among a recent bridegroom's possessions. Ten years ago a quarter of those friends would have made separate presents. But twenty-five rifles mean no more than one, and the Stock Exchange had the good sense to know it.



PIONEERS OF THE "NO PRESENTS" WEDDING: MR. AND MRS. A. M. SAMUEL LEAVING THE SYNAGOGUE AFTER THE CEREMONY.

The "no presents" wedding of the Lord Mayor of Norwich and his bride took place on December 19 at the West London Synagogue in Upper Berkeley Street. Mrs. Samuel, who shares her husband's views as to wedding presents, was Miss Phoebe Fletcher, daughter of Mr. Alfred C. Fletcher, Physician to the Charterhouse. Mr. Samuel had great difficulty in persuading his friends not to give him presents, and in several cases had to return one.

Photograph by L.N.A.



ONE OF THE LAST GREAT SUTHERLAND HOSPITALITIES AT STAFFORD HOUSE AN EFFORT TOWARDS EUROPEAN PEACE: THE PARTY AT THE BANQUET TO THE BALKAN DELEGATES.

Stafford House has long been famous for its princely hospitalities, especially to distinguished foreign visitors. One of the last to be given there by the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland before its new owner, Sir William Lever, takes possession, is one of the most memorable. This was the banquet to a number of the Balkan Peace Delegates on December 19. In the front row (from left to right) are: M. Venezelos (Greece), M. Andra Nikolitch (Servia), M. Stoyan Novakovich (Servia), M. Mioutchkovitch (Montenegro), Dr. Daneff (Bulgaria), M. Madjaroff (Bulgaria), Mustapha Reshid Pasha (Turkey), General Paprikoff (Bulgaria), M. Popovitch (Montenegro), and Dr. Vesnitch (Servia). In the second row may be seen M. Skouloudis (Greece), second from the left; the Lord Chancellor; M. Gennadius (Greece) in the middle; Sir Edward Grey, Mrs. Asquith and Mr. Asquith.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]

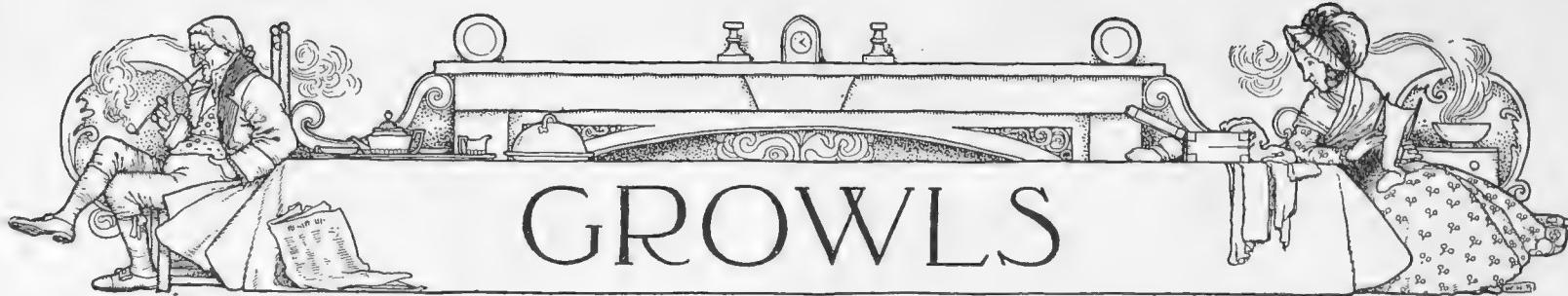
THE MODEL MANNEQUIN: FAIR LADIES IN WAX.



1. GIVING WAXEN WOMAN HER CROWNING GLORY: "GROWING" HAIR ON THE HEADS OF MODELS—ONE AT A TIME.
2. READY TO BE DRESSED IN FASHIONABLE FROCKS: WAX MANNEQUINS IN AN ATELIER.
3. AN ARTIST AND HIS WORK: MODELS AND THEIR MAKER.

4. AWAITING THE ORDER TO BECOME FAIR WOMEN IN FINE FEATHERS: SECTIONS OF MODELS.
5. DRESSED: WAX MANNEQUINS DOING THEIR DUTY.
6. A MODEL IN THE MAKING: POURING WAX INTO THE MOULD OF A HEAD.

It need scarcely be said that much skill goes to the making of those admirably lifelike waxen models which act as mannequins in exhibition-cases, shop-windows, and show-rooms. Dress to-day must be exhibited either on the living mannequin or on the best possible model mannequin, and be easily put on or taken off the figure; more primitive methods are now of little value. In the particular atelier in Paris in which these photographs were taken, a sculptor of acknowledged merit makes the models in clay, working from life. Moulds are then taken, that the desired waxen image may be made. Hands, arms, body, legs, and head and bust, are moulded separately. The sections are then joined, and the final work of polishing and colouring begins. Before this, however, it should be noted, the eyes have been set in the head, and the hairs have been put in, one at a time, by wig-makers.—[Photographs by L.N.A.]



THE NONSENSE OF THE NEW YEAR AND THE NOISES OF THE NIGHT.

HOWEVER little my point of view may appeal to conventional roysterers and chronic optimists, I make bold to uphold that there is no day of all the three hundred and sixty-five which may more appropriately be dedicated to growling than the first of the series. Incidentally, I may observe that I emphatically object to the First of January having allotted to it the honour, such as it is, of inaugurating the year. It does not deserve that distinction; it is a chilly and unattractive thing, and it possesses no merits visible to the naked eye. I cannot see why May Day, surrounded by all the joyousness of spring, and enlivened by the pirouetting of lambkins and by other pleasing phenomena, should have been ignored when the selection was made; and I see no valid reason why a change should not be made forthwith. I merely say this *en passant*. My feeling towards New Year's Day would be precisely the same whatever date were chosen for its celebration. I am completely at a loss to grasp upon what grounds an entire world should pitch upon this particular occasion for jubilation and jollification. Why joy-bells should ring out to the wild sky and why bumpers should be drained to the new arrival passes my comprehension. I can more or less understand Scotsmen indulging in organised excess at this time, because they have unanimously done well in the past, and are fairly sure of ample pickings in the future; but why should the rest of the world clamorously rejoice? Let us look at the matter calmly and analyse it dispassionately. What is the exact situation? One year has completed its course, to the modified satisfaction of some, and the utter discomfiture of others, and another year is dawning which some of us have been permitted to live to see. Why on these slender grounds should we consider this a fitting moment for unbridled optimism, and why should we gaze down the vista of fifty-two approaching weeks as through a pergola of scented roses?



IN THE MOST MODERN MANNER: MME. GABY AND M. DUQUE DANCING THE ARGENTINE TANGO.

Photograph by Bert.

tion of their lot is sheerly pathetic. The person of well-balanced and equable disposition will not feel himself inclined to participate in exaggerated junkettings, but will rather content himself with quietly and thoughtfully thanking his stars that things have not

been worse than they have been in the past, and expressing the pious hope, unprompted by the absorption of copious stimulant, that his worldly position will not materially deteriorate in the future. Instead of bidding a boisterous welcome to a year which, for all he knows, has a million mishaps in store for him, he will take part in the decorous interment of a twelvemonth which, with all its power for ill, has dealt with him more leniently than might possibly have been expected of it. All this clanging of bells and clinking of beakers is completely out of place. It indicates a blind worship of the unknown which has through the centuries afforded annual proof that it is totally unjustified; and while it shows but scant respect for the recently defunct, it displays an uncalled-for confidence in the newly born.

The Better Part. To the thinker, the moment when the fateful hour strikes does not vividly suggest the necessity or desirability of adopting a rollicking demeanour. His exchequer has been drained by the exigencies of Yuletide; his rent has recently fallen due; his income tax is in the same condition; his clubs await the payment of his subscription; his tradesmen have decided *nem. con.* that he is a person from whom ready money must immediately be extracted. These things do not lure him to join in midnight revelry in St. Paul's Churchyard, neither do they suggest the advent of unmitigated prosperity. Rather do they dispose him to philosophic reverie. He has no yearning to cross his arms and jig round to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne," and if he does take whisky, it is solely with

a view to the consolidation of his contemplative capabilities. He need not necessarily look sour and despondent. It is as likely as not that the forthcoming year will be no more malignant than its predecessors; it may even be that it will be less so. But it would

be the veriest insanity to jump to the conclusion that blessings uncountable will be showered upon him, and it would be even more lunatic to celebrate so dubious a possibility in advance. He will, after demure reflection, feel assured that the one course to pursue is to adopt the placid policy promulgated by the present Prime Minister, and to wait and see. Let others fashion for themselves good resolutions whose inevitable destination is a sidewalk in Hades, and let them give themselves over to cocksure cachinnation: I shall do none of these things. I shall go peacefully and respectfully home at eleven p.m., and after drinking one toast, without much conviction, to myself and my friends, I shall, revellers permitting, go softly to sleep and forget what night it chances to be.

MOSTYN T. PIGOTT.



IN BARBARIC HEADDRESS: MME. IRENE BORDONI, OF PARIS—MIXING A COCKTAIL IN NEW YORK.

Photograph by Straithmore.



IN THE MOST MODERN MANNER: MME. ROSNY AND M. ROBERT SHOWING ONE OF THEIR NEW DANCES.

Photograph by Bert.

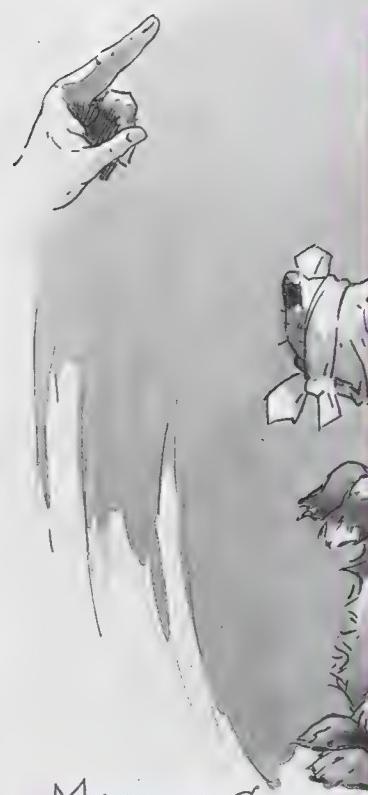
JAN. 1, 1913

THE SKETCH.

Pons Catulorum.



HAVING NO CLUB



MAKING SURE
A TRICK



A SPADE CALL

G. E. Studdy

THE LEAD —
UP TO
WEAKNESS



THE WASTE OF WOMAN: VENUSES IN BLACK SERGE AND GODDESSES IN BOOT-SHOPS.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

PLEASE, please do not scold me, O readers mine, even in so indulgent a fashion as the lady who writes to me apropos of a recent article, wherein I showed man's generosity in marrying. My lady correspondent does not approve of the views I expressed in that article, and especially of my expressing those views for all men to read. "They are," says she, "quite conceited enough as it is. It is not man, but woman, who sacrifices herself at the altar of marriage." Dear lady, you preach to one already converted. When I spoke of man's sacrifice I was speaking a half-truth. But fashions have changed since Dame Truth went about with the minimum of clothes and of shame. She is now a very self-conscious person, and it would never do wholly to expose her to the world. But between you and me, dear lady, let us whisper about the other half of Truth. Yes, I agree, woman sacrifices just as much when she marries, and to the man she marries. And now that Truth is quite out of her well, how do you like the look of her? Very chilly and uncomfortable, is it not? If it can appease your just indignation, let us apply every phrase I wrote of man's abnegation to woman, and it will be just as true—more's the pity! But woman has one comfort in the mire of marriage: whatever happens, she will never be that dissatisfied, incomplete, idle creature—a woman without a grievance! The spinster may be rich in grievances one day, and tragically empty of them the next. Her cook may not always be tipsy; her housemaid may fail to be impertinent; her dearest friend may now and then have a hat or a frock that does not suit her; the plumber may prove expeditious, the dressmaker punctual, the books from the library interesting. Please consider the distressing fate of a woman who has absolutely nothing to complain of. That's where the married woman has a compensation. Her grievance—a substantial, broad-shouldered grievance—is always there to fall back upon, till death does them part.

Also, whereas an unhappy, henpecked husband is an object of ridicule and derisive pity, an unhappy married woman is a heroine, and if she be attractive, a sweet victim with many sympathisers ready—nay, eager—to soothe her sorrow, to lend handkerchiefs, and a confidant shoulder: an unhappily married woman is a woman with possibilities. Widows are women to "beware of," separated women are often looked at with a compassion not unmixed with mistrust, divorced women are often deemed too interesting to be true; but the woman who lives unhappily with the cause of her unhappiness, a woman who embraces her cross (husband) with the ardour of the dutiful, that woman has chosen the better part. A disagreeable husband is a tremendous asset for a woman who aims at popularity.

There is no better *repoussoir* for a coquette than an obstinate life partner. Her atmosphere of resignation becomes her as prettily as the delicate greys and mauves of mourning do a fair widow.

These, then, dear lady, are the mental comforts of woman's mated fate. As to your sad allusion to the waste of her, I mix my sighs with yours, and shake my head just as regretfully as I can imagine you doing. Alas, yes! woman is wasted; but it is not only the married woman, it is the majority of women. I have seen with mine own shocked eyes Venuses in black serge and shapeless boots in basements and behind counters, serving with fingers that might have inspired Raphael, Greuze, or Boucher—serving cups of tea to ugly and commonplace crowds of Philistines. I have seen goddesses in boot-shops bending their supple waists and adorable necks over the thick feet of coarse customers! I have seen women more beautiful than Madonnas the wives of men blind to beauty. I have seen nuns with the face and form of bewitching bacchantes. Waste, dear lady?—why, the human race is such a spendthrift of youth and beauty that it actually believes woman was made to work!—while her only mission is to attract by her beauty and to have children as beautiful as herself. Work should be the lot only of the male, whose beauty is strength, and the plain female, whose purpose can only be usefulness. But woman the beautiful should exist only for

the joy of the present and the life of the future. We keep museums larger than palaces as temples to beauty made by man's hands, but meanwhile in factories larger than museums living beauty fades away unnoticed. We spend millions for pictures and statues, often not genuine, while wonders of nature's treasures spend their youth, form, and colour for a handful of copper pieces. The waste of our time, dear lady, is as sinful as it is unrealised. Will you lend me your ear for a little story of a man who was neither a waster nor a Philistine. He was, if I remember right, a certain Count of Toulouse, blessed by Fate and his own good taste with the most beautiful—er—morganatic wife connoisseur ever had. So grateful was he to her and to life for having made him the recipient of so much charm that, true philanthropist, he was willing to share with his less favoured subjects some of the joy his lady's beauty gave him. On certain days, in great pomp if little apparel, there appeared on the balcony of the count's palace the count's lady-love, superb and unashamed with her own dazzling beauty for all vestment. And below the crowd, bare-headed, worshipped as in a church. Should your ear, dear lady, be filled with the cotton-wool of English prudery and blush at this anecdote, then, Madame, turn the other ear.



AS SHE IS: MLLÉ. EVE LAVALLIÈRE.

Mlle. Lavallière is appearing in "L'Habit Vert," a comedy by MM. Robert de Flers and Gaston de Caillavet.—[Photograph by Félix.]



AS SHE IS SEEN IN "L'HABIT VERT," AT THE VARIÉTÉS, PARIS: MLLÉ. EVE LAVALLIÈRE AS BRIGITTE TOUCHARD.

Photograph by Félix.

all vestment. And below the crowd, bare-headed, worshipped as in a church. Should your ear, dear lady, be filled with the cotton-wool of English prudery and blush at this anecdote, then, Madame, turn the other ear.

A CHRISTMAS-BOOK FANTASY.



HASSALL GOES TO TEA WITH RACKHAM.

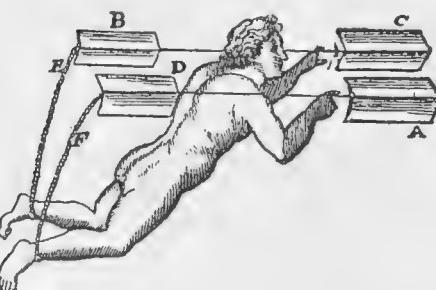
DRAWN BY CHARLES ROBINSON.



A STUDY IN HUMAN ORNITHOLOGY: THE EVOLUTION OF THE MAN-BIRD.

"Any Fool
Can Fly?"

Write Messrs. Hubbard and Turner, "There is [a] saying, attributed to no one in particular, and doubtless of great antiquity . . . which runs as follows: 'Any fool can fly.' . . . Flying is very simple; there is really 'nothing in it.' Given a motor running sweetly, a total absence of wind, and an aerodrome like a billiard-table, 'any fool can fly'; though even then it does not follow that he can fly well or securely. The actual flying itself is indeed simple; it is the conditions under which flying is accomplished that impose difficulty." "Any fool can fly," and, in the past, many wise men have tried to fly and have failed. There are dozens of cases. "It may be assumed," say our authors, "that when the first man saw the first winged creatures flying, he wished for wings, not, perhaps, for pleasure, but for preservation.... In most chronicles and sacred writings of the East, flying is chiefly practised by demons. The Mahabharata of India, for instance, states: 'Krishna's enemies sought the aid of the demons, who built an aerial chariot with sides of iron and clad with wings. The chariot was driven



BY THE ONLY EARLY PIONEER WHO WAS CAUTIOUS DURING HIS FIRST ATTEMPTS, AND MADE A NUMBER OF GOOD GLIDES: THE FLYING APPARATUS OF P. BESNIER, THE LOCKSMITH; 1678.

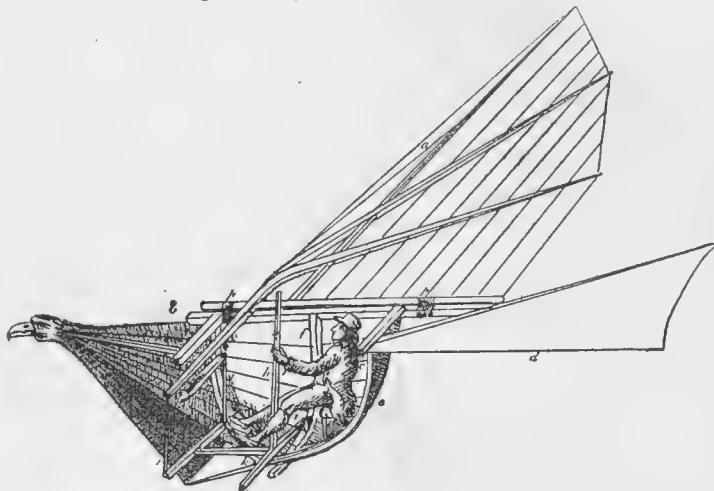
Reproduced from "The Boy's Book of Aeroplanes," by Courtesy of the Publisher, Mr. Grant Richards.

spread out so as to hold the wind, he remained waiting for a favourable breeze. The audience, growing impatient, cried: 'Fly, fly, O Saracen! Do not keep us for so long waiting while you try the wind.' The Emperor looked gloomily on.... The Saracen stretched out his arms to feel the wind, and in a favourable moment rose like a bird in the air"; but, adds the chronicle, "the weight of his body having more power to drag him down than his artificial wings had to sustain him, he broke his bones, and his evil plight was such that he did not long survive. About the same time, in 1065 A.D., Oliver of Malmesbury, an English Benedictine monk, attached wings to his hands and feet, and permanently injured himself in the effort to fly."

More Birds. In the fifteenth century came Leonardo da Vinci, painter and inventor, who studied the movements of the birds to such good effect that had he but had the motor-engine of to-day he would doubtless have been the true pioneer of human flight. "It is interesting to turn from the wisdom of da Vinci to the remarks of Francis Bacon in that quaint collection of 'experiments solitary,' called 'Sylva Sylvarum,' written about 1622. 'It is reported,' he writes, 'that amongst the Leucanians in ancient time upon a Superstition they did use to

precipitate a man from a high Cliffe into the sea, Tying about him with Strings at some distance many great Fowles and fixing unto his body divers feathers, spred to breake the Fall. Certainly many Birds of good wing (as Kites and the like) would bear up a good weight as they flie; and Spreading of Feathers thin and close and

in great Breadth will likewise bear up a great weight, being even laid without Tilting upon the sides. The further extension of this Experiment for Flying may be thought upon."



THE WORK OF A PORTRAIT-PAINTER OF HULL: THOMAS WALKER'S FIRST DESIGN FOR A FLYING-MACHINE, TO BE WORKED BY A SMALL LEVER.

Reproduced from "The Boy's Book of Aeroplanes," by Courtesy of the Publisher, Mr. Grant Richards.

through the sky till it stood over Dwaraka, in which Krishna's followers dwelt, and from there it hurled down upon the city missiles that destroyed everything on which they fell.' How is that for the bomb-dropping aeroplane and dirigible of today?

Two Unfortunates. Another legend is that of the Saracen who attempted to fly round the hippodrome at Constantinople in the presence of the Emperor Comnenus. "Standing on a tower in the midst, with his long white robe stiffened with rods and

a table, next out of windows on the ground and first-floors successively, and finally acquired such skill as to glide triumphantly over the roofs of neighbouring houses."

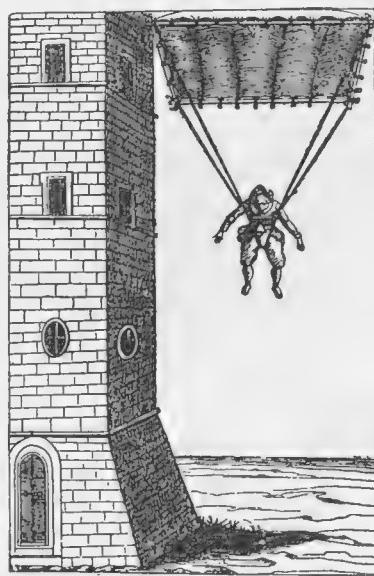
The King of Portugal Protests.

Later, in 1709, Lourenço da Gusmao, a friar, presented to the King of Portugal a petition "in which he represented that he had invented a flying-machine capable of carrying passengers, and of navigating the air very swiftly, and asked to be granted the monopoly of the right of constructing it. The King accordingly granted the following order: 'Agreeably to the advice of my Council, I order the pain of death against the transgressor. In order to encourage the suppliant.... I grant unto him the first vacant place in my College of Barcelos or Santarem, and the first professorship of

mathematics in my University of Coimbra, with the annual pension of 600,000 reis; during his life.' . . . The drawing of this intended machine represents a vessel somewhat in the shape of a bird with a horizontal sail stretched above it; and the description says that it contained several tubes, through which the wind was to pass on to the horizontal sail, and thus elevate the apparatus. When there was no wind a bellows was to supply the need, assisted by pieces of amber attached to the sail, and two magnets in globes which would draw the vessel upwards." And so to the remarkable, efficient machines of to-day.

The Scope of the Book.

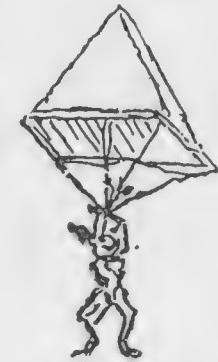
From all of which it must not be thought that Messrs. Hubbard and Turner deal with the history of aeroplanes alone: far from it. Their work is as thorough and as all-embracing as it is interesting and valuable. It deals, for example, with principles of flight, building the aeroplane, learning to fly, navigating the air, model aeroplanes (by E. W. Twining), the aeroplane in war, the Wrights and their epoch-making experiments, the air as a highway, and many another point. Their book is an encyclopædia of human flight, and should be enjoyed not only by boys—who will devour it!—but by their elders, who will read it before they give it—if they be wise.



LEONARDO DA VINCI'S PARACHUTE DEVELOPED BY FAUSTE VERANZIO: THE VENETIAN ARCHITECT PRACTISING IN 1617.

Reproduced from "The Boy's Book of Aeroplanes," by Courtesy of the Publisher, Mr. Grant Richards.

* "The Boy's Book of Aeroplanes." By T. O'Brien Hubbard and C. C. Turner, Pilot-Aviators. Illustrated. (Grant Richards. 6s.)



THE INVENTION OF LEONARDO DA VINCI: THE FAMOUS PAINTER'S DESIGN FOR A PARACHUTE.

Reproduced from "The Boy's Book of Aeroplanes," by Courtesy of the Publisher, Mr. Grant Richards.

NO RISK OF INFECTION!



THE TEACHER: Well, Mary Ellen, and why weren't you at school yesterday?

MARY ELLEN: Please, teacher, muvver was ill.

THE TEACHER (*fearing infection*): Dear me; what's the matter with her? What does the doctor say it is?

MARY ELLEN: Please, teacher, he says it's a boy.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE MIRACLE.

By H. GRAHAME RICHARDS.

I.

A SLIM, lissom girl was Nella Castranova, as rosy as an apple, as sleek and sleepy as any cat, with eyes full of mysterious dreams, which provoked you to wonder what was the veiled world in which she lived. Of no great account was she in Venice, I fear, until that affair of burning her for heresy gave her a place in history. Daughter of a waterman who half his days was without money, and was then apt, in his discontent, to beat her, as he did when in money and drink, her days were not easy. She was not discontented, however. There were four brothers and two sisters requiring attention and feeding. The problem sometimes was a great one, compelling her to turn her hand to any and everything. Whatever she did, she did uncomplainingly and silently. A good girl, truly, not given to flirting and coquettings, never sitting outside the door to dry her hair in the sun and show the world that she had longer, finer, and better-tinted tresses than any other lass in the Saleta.

Now, in Nella's days, times at once pious and grotesque, when Spanish shoes still altered men's religious views and touched the hearts of stingy Jews, from Lyons to Sorrento, the cat was held representative of all evil. It was the form assumed by vampires; in the shape of cats, witches hid themselves; disguised as a cat, the devil himself stole about working his nefarious ends. The Church, therefore, anathematized cats, and each year all the larger cities of Europe celebrated the festival of St. John by burning all the black cats available. To protect such a cat was rank heresy—a serious business, truly, not lightly to be considered in days when the Church had its finger in everyone's pie and took painfully drastic measures to preserve human piety.

Nella Castranova was induced to protect a black cat in this way.

Venice was celebrating the Festival of St. John. There had been collected for sacrifice some two hundred black cats. The bonfire on the piazza blazed high. The ceremony was attended by due observance. There were stoled priests, surpliced acolytes, chantings, invocations, and sprinklings of holy water. The onlookers were both impressed and delighted. A few, perhaps, sickened at the sight. Of these, Nella was one. She was present not of her own free will, but to preserve from harm four little brothers, who were purely delighted by the spectacle, and quite without compunction.

It chanced that one of the animals to be sacrificed, when flung, fell on its feet at the very edge of the bonfire. The cat screamed and, singed and burning, leapt back among the spectators. A hundred feet struck it; a hundred hands went out to seize it. But the animal escaped and came straight to Nella, and clung, piteously crying, to her skirts. Of all the assembled crowd, it had singled out her to plead for protection, and wisely. For the poor thing was pitiable, and to all living things pitiable Nella was, by nature and instinct, a mother. Something surged in her, crimsoning her cheeks, lighting her eyes. Indignantly she struck away violent hands, and lifted the cat in her arms, soothing it.

Thus Nella in her simplicity was led to champion the cause of the devil himself.

The people near her shrank away, awed.

A young priest pushed his way through the crowd: "My daughter," said he, "you know not what you do! Deliver to me that thing of evil."

White as the snow became Nella. A moment she hesitated, then made an involuntary movement of obedience. The cat cried to her softly as she moved. To her it seemed the cry of some helpless, suffering child.

"Father, have mercy!" she gasped. "This is no thing of evil. I feel it, I know it, I—"

"Give me that cat!" interrupted the priest harshly.

"I cannot," she faltered; "just as you can feel, so does it. I do not believe it evil."

The priest stared hard at her awhile, then hastily crossed himself and turned away. In crossing himself he had made Nella as evil a thing as the cat itself. An old fisherwoman who had known Nella from infancy began to cry and wring her hands.

"Oh, the sad child!" she moaned—"the sad child! To bring the curse of the Church upon her, and for a cat!"

Nella sped away homewards, panting from terror. She had saved the cat, but what now was she to do with it?

The animal clung to her desperately, licking her smooth cheek with its rough tongue. She put it in her own room, glad to be rid of it. Touch it again she could not. She gave it a few scraps of food and left it. She knelt before a prie-dieu and prayed Heaven to forgive her if she had done wrong, to help her if she had done right. She prayed and prayed with all her heart and soul. Her father, very inebriated and savage, returned to find her still at prayer. Friends had informed him of what had occurred. The man was dissolved in fear. With one blow, he struck her from the prie-dieu prone to the floor. Then he seized a stick, tore the clothes from her back, and commenced to belabour her furiously. He was still so engaged when four inquisitors, black-robed, with eyes glittering through slits in their cowls, appeared on the scene.

That night, Castranova, his daughter, his four sons, two brothers, his own cousin, all lay together in prison, suspect of heresy.

The Inquisitors sealed the house which Nella had habited, wherein, too, was the cat she had rescued.

II.

The case of Nella Castranova, the heretic, assumed considerable proportions. The Inquisitional Convocation appointed for her trial abandoned the business in despair, and the matter was referred to five pre-eminent and learned dignitaries. Finally, she appeared before four impartial and independent Cardinals, and even they at first found themselves rather at a loss.

A priori, the case against her was sufficient, but unexpected friends suddenly arose to complicate matters. The white-haired old priest of San Nicholas of the Mendozzi was prepared to swear, hand on cross, that the child *could* not be guilty of heresy. A petition was signed by every man and woman in the Saleta protesting against the indictment as being manifestly absurd. Nella's past life was reviewed in detail. The Convocation came privately to the conclusion that the accused was not heretical. The charge of resistance to the Church, however, still remained. Such resistance must be punished with unflinching severity, if the Church was to maintain its prestige and authority. Nella was therefore viewed from the standpoint of an exemplary sacrifice to official dignity. The problem confronting the Convocation was: dare they sacrifice her? A public manifestation convinced them that they dare not. At this juncture, certain people began to complain that they were kept awake by the cries of a starving cat. These cries emanated from the house Nella had occupied. A starving black cat was found. The Cardinals chuckled and rubbed their hands. The business had brought itself to a satisfactory conclusion! The people believed the Inquisitors had removed the cat which was the original cause of the trouble. Yet here was a second she had harboured!

Whispers stole around. This Nella had always remained aloof
[Continued overleaf.]

A TRIPLE BILL.



THE PROFESSOR (*an enthusiastic criminologist*) : An ideal spot.
HIS FRIEND : Whatever are you thinking about, Professor ?
THE PROFESSOR : I was just wondering, if I were to murder you here, how long it would be before they found the body.

DRAWN BY J. INDER BURNS.



THE LOCAL REPORTER : And is it the case, Mr. Murphy, that you and the late Mr. Casey stayed at your post, cool and collected, when the explosion occurred ?
MR. MURPHY : It is not, Sir. I was on the boiler at the time, an' anything but cool ; an' it was only bits of Casey that were collected.

DRAWN BY HARRY LOW.



UNCLE (*who will not give a chap peace, even in the holidays*) : Now, Tommy, when did William the Conqueror invade England ?
TOMMY : I can't think, uncle.
UNCLE : Good gracious, look at your book ! What does it say there ?
TOMMY : "William the Conqueror — 1066."
UNCLE : Fancy not knowing that !
TOMMY : I'd noticed it often enough ; but I thought it was his telephone number.

DRAWN BY HARRY LOW.

and mysterious ; she was soft and smooth and sleek, just like a cat ; she moved quietly, but firmly, as does a cat. Finally, look at her eyes, as watchfully dreamful as any cat's ! The people of the Saleta withdrew their petition.

The white-haired old priest of San Nicholas of the Mendooli, who had known Nella from infancy, resigned his vicarage and retreated from the world.

Nella was condemned to be burned for heresy on the Piazza San Marco. Her father was to be hanged. Her brothers and sisters were to be sent to a monastery, there to have the spirit of evil driven from their bodies by dark and excruciating methods. Her cousins and other relations were to be expelled from the Church and Venice. There were no half measures in those days !

Throughout it all Nella prayed and prayed.

III.

Pulci gnawed his nails from hunger. There was awful agony at his entrails ; his weakness made him sob. Pulci, gaming, had killed a man in anger. He had escaped justice so far. Now he was sorry his wit had been so good. For he dared not deliver himself up. Death and the thought of it were worse than the agony bending him double.

Lack of food engenders intense coldness. Pulci was shivering, though the night was not cold. He crept past the portals of San Zaccaria, then stole back again. The church was open, but deserted. And certainly it would be warmer than the streets. Perhaps in there he could sleep at ease for a few hours and forget his pain. Like a shadow, he stole into the church.

He sat on a seat before a niche from which a Madonna, clad in a splendid jewelled robe and bearing a starry crown, looked down. The rays of the crown caught his eyes and held them. At first he stared idly, content to rest his aching limbs. Then, out of the vaulted darkness of the church there descended upon him as a living thing the thought : " If I but possessed that crown, food and drink, peace and contentment would be mine for all the days of my life."

The thought echoed and re-echoed ; it fascinated him. He had no religion, no reverence. Why should he not take it now, when there was none to see ? Pulci looked furtively around the deserted church. " Peace and contentment for all the days of my life," sang the thought. And it was within his grasp, he assured himself.

Without nefarious intent, he pushed a chair with his feet towards the niche. He was dying of starvation, whilst food and peace were within his reach. He laughed at himself. From the chair, the jewelled diadem was accessible. He dwelt on the fact, and it mesmerised him. Suddenly he was standing on the chair working at the grating. The bediamonded crown was in his hand. Still he laughed. It was all so easy ; he was dying of starvation !

A cry of rage and horror rent the stillness of the church. A broken-souled man, mourning his wife in the shadow of a column, had witnessed the sacrilege. The punishment for sacrilege was too awful for contemplation. The mourner rushed straight for Pulci, who, forgetful of hunger and pain, sped from the church like a flash. After him followed the mourner, crying aloud. Suddenly the night shrilled with whistles. Through calle after calle stumbled Pulci, the number of his pursuers increasing momentarily. He was mad from terror and still hugged the crown to him. He ran he knew not whither, and consciousness had almost deserted him when he stumbled into the Church of San Marco. Where could he hope to find a safer hiding-place than in a church ? It was like a fox running to earth in a badger's hole !

Straight down the main aisle he went towards the grand altar. Footsteps sounded in the church behind him. Through the vestry stole the hunted man to the entrance of the bell-tower. An alteration was proceeding behind him.

" I saw him enter as plainly as I see you now," a voice affirmed excitedly.

" He wouldn't be so mad ! " protested a second.

" At any rate, let us make a search here, while the others continue outside."

Ladder after ladder, steep and perpendicular, Pulci mounted half-fainting. Ages seemed to elapse before he reached the bell platform. This consisted of four planks, lead-covered, surrounding the enormous bell. The edge of the bell hung level with the planks. To look into it, one had, lying on one's back, to lower oneself down head first, gripping the plank with the knees. It was an acrobatic feat the contemplation of which would have given an ordinary individual vertigo. A professional athlete would have shrunk from the undertaking. Yet this was the only resource left to Pulci, crying now like a baby, to himself. He thrust the diadem into his pocket, turned on his back, and swung himself out over the edge of the plank, gripping with his knees. Once, twice, his body jerked upwards convulsively. The third time he gripped the clapper and his feet dropped into space. He commenced to climb into the enormous bell. The clapper was fastened by a tongue of iron, which spread into a ring from a bar at the end of which was a pear-shaped mass of metal. Through this ring, Pulci thrust his arm as far as the elbow. With his legs wound around the bar, he could thus support himself at ease.

One man stepped on to the bell-platform, looked carefully around, then descended grumbling.

Pulci laughed to himself.

His pursuers had left the church when a muffled scream of fear rang out.

Pulci had discovered that he could not release his arm from the ring.

It was now three o'clock in the morning.

IV.

At noon Nella Castranova was to be burned ; her father was to be hanged. The Piazza San Marco was alive with people. Every window, balcony, entresol, loggia was crowded. Wherever there was standing-room, people stood ; it was a sea of human beings.

Before long Nella Castranova, attired all in white, bare of foot and head, with wrists and ankles shackled in chains, was led from the cell to parade the city in procession. Afterwards, white as the whitest of lilies, from the gloomy portals of San Marco to the centre of the piazza, through a lane formed by the people, they led her. Here a stake had been fixed and surrounded by high piled faggots. The hangmen, with torches already alight, were in their places. Near the stake, a gallows had been erected. Nella's father, the rope around his neck, stood beneath it. He was to see his daughter burnt alive, then die himself. He was cursing his daughter incoherently in his panic.

They fastened her to the stake with chains.

" Have mercy ! " she screamed. " I am innocent . . . I swear at the knees of the Holy Madonna, I am innocent . . . have pity on me . . . "

The bishops fingered their puckered chins well content. This heretic was not going to die boldly. She was going to scream and writhe when the jumping flames licked the white flesh of her, and thus the dreadful power of the Church would be illustrated in a fashion both exemplary and salutary !

And now with Nella, white as the whitest of lilies, fainting at the stake, and the torches spluttering in the hangmen's hands, there ensued a pause. The sentence read : " When the Great Bell of San Marco tolls the noontide, the soul of this heretic shall go down to hell in flames for all eternity." So the bishops waited the tolling of the bell, and the torch-bearers awaited the signal from the bishops. The minutes sped away, and a restlessness became apparent among the waiting onlookers. Everyone knew that the noontide was past ; there were a hundred bells in the city to tell you that ! Yet still the Great Bell held its tongue. Here was the Great Bell, which had never before failed in the memory of living man, blankly silent. Heresy, Sacrilege, and This ! It was enough to addle the softest pate, truly.

A young priest, flushed and somewhat disordered, made his way to the bishops. He spoke to them excitedly, and they quickly entered San Marco and went to the belfry. The mob surged into the church after them. A Cardinal took the chain of the great bell, together with his assistant, and hauled on it. Up and down sawed the chain. The belfry was filled with the droning vibration of the bell as it went swinging to and fro. But the tongue of the Great Bell was muffled, silent. Why ? The bishops fingered their puckered chins in dire perplexity. Each one in turn pulled on the chain ; the result was the same.

The Great Bell of San Marco refused to signal Nella Castranova's doom !

A whisper ran through the church. It was a sign direct from Heaven. It was a miracle ! The girl was no heretic . . . was innocent . . . wasn't Heaven's message clear enough ?

Before the bishops had solved their problem, out of the church again surged the crowd. An ear-splitting shouting and cheering ensued. She was no heretic, no witch or vampire, or other thing evil ! Down with the faggots, off with the chains ! Like starved mongrels men and women fought to touch her ; the hem of her dress was sufficient. Around the city they bore her in triumph—Venice's great honour, Venice's dear saint !

Nella, dazed, bewildered, not knowing what it was all about, laughed and wept. It was very trying to be thus apotheosised, through no fault or merit of her own. And perhaps her brothers and sisters would be hungry—

Her Holy Mother in Heaven had smiled on her. There was pure joy in her heart.

So she went back to her daily round, sleek and silky as any cat, rosy and round as an apple, unassuming, with eyes still more dreamful. And no longer was she beaten, for the fright her father had received, combined with the honour of possessing a daughter who was directly beneath Heaven's protection, reformed him and made of him a model father and citizen.

On the evening of the day of Nella's miraculous delivery, the body of Pulci, shattered, broken, minus an arm, was found on the floor of the belfry. It was assumed he had fallen from the leads ! The diadem, discovered in his pocket, was restored with due ceremony. No one thought of connecting him with the silence of San Marco's Great Bell, which tolled the midnight loud and distinct that night.

Thus the Miracle was confirmed.

THE END.

IMPORTS FROM THE CONTINENT: DUTY FREE.



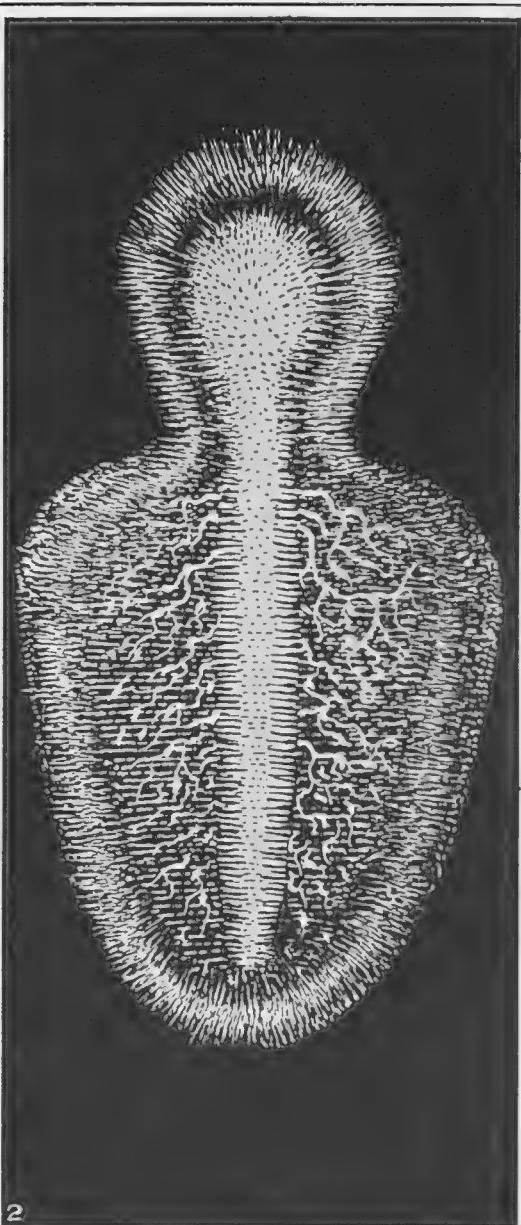
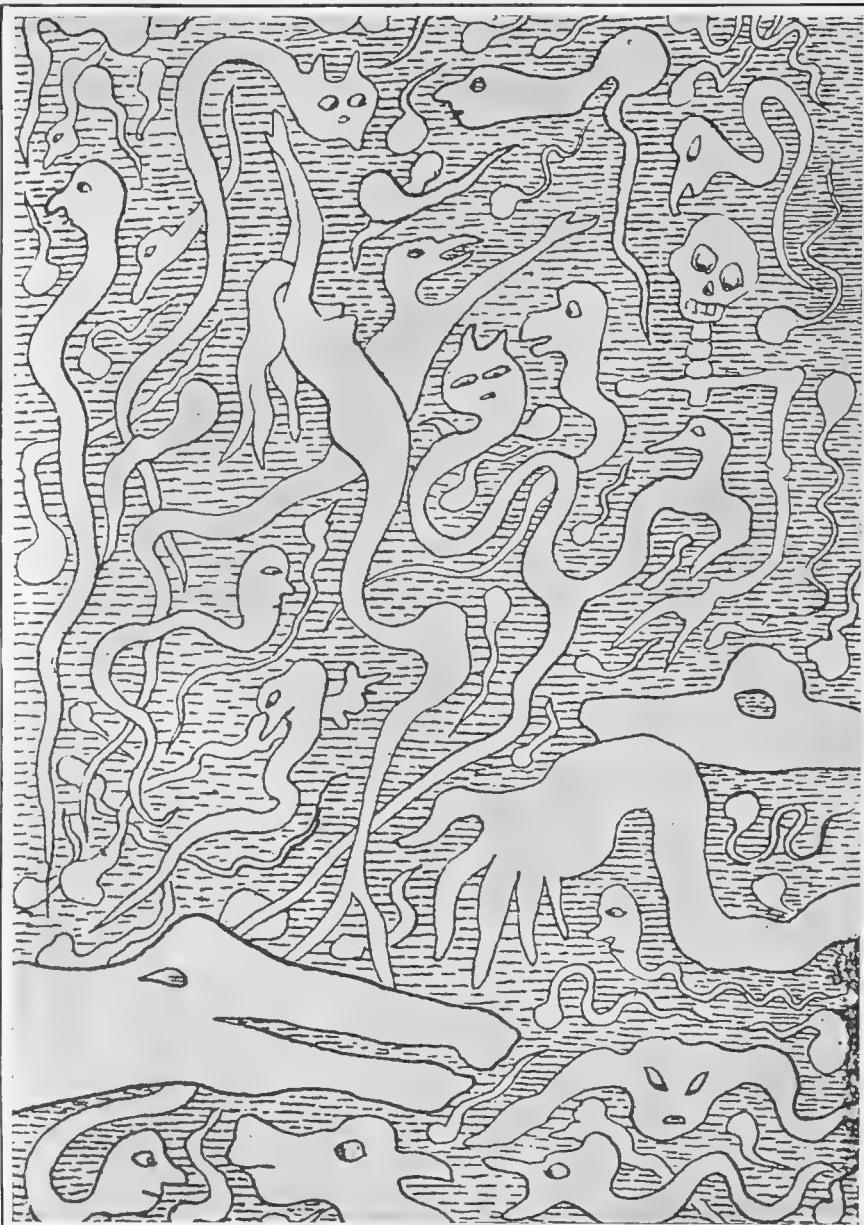
IN THE OLD DAYS THEY SENT US DANCER-BEARS.



NOW THEY SEND US BARE DANCERS!

DRAWINGS BY ALFRED LEETE.

DO YOU SEE THESE THINGS? DREAMS, BEAUTIFUL DREAMS!



2



1. SEEN (CAN IT BE AFTER THAT LOBSTER SALAD AGAIN?) ONLY BY DREAMING MAN: STRANGE SHAPES BELIEVED BY SOME TO INHABIT THE WORLD INVISIBLE AND TO BE VISIBLE ONLY TO THE SLEEPING.
2. EVERYMAN'S AND EVERYWOMAN'S OTHER EGO: THE SECOND SELF, ASSERTED BY SOME TO BE EVER-PRESENT, BUT ONLY VISIBLE TO HUMAN BEINGS DURING THEIR SLEEP.
3. DREAMS AND THEIR MEANINGS: DREAM OF SHEEP, AND FORTUNE WILL BE YOURS; OF THE MOON, AND YOU WILL LOVE; OF RUINS, AND YOU WILL BE HONOURED.

The interpretation of dreams has always been of great interest to the superstitious, and also, it must be noted, to scientists, who, having effects, seek for causes; not to find them too often, we hope, in the dinner or the supper of the dreamer.



ON THE LINKS

THE SPORT WITHOUT A CLOSE SEASON—AN OCTOGENARIAN GOLFER—"TEND" BUT DON'T "RESOLVE."

Much Winter Golf. There is complete safety in the prophecy that from this week onwards until the week corresponding to the recent Christmas, records in this game of ours, for popularity, general attractiveness, and so forth, will continue to be broken, always assuming that in the winter months there is no serious impediment in the way of frost and snow. The way the play was kept up in the last days of the old year was wonderful. And it is not as if the weather was so very fine for the game either, for few who play like that muggy, stewy kind of weather which has been so very prevalent this winter. It all shows a great persistence in golfing as much as possible all through the winter; and you may depend on it that the persistence will be displayed all the more now that we have turned the corner and got into the new year. It may seem absurd to suggest that the attitude of people in general towards winter golf should change almost all at once, but there is some evidence of it. Of course, there has always been much play in winter, but two or three years back one used to hear very much of the virtues of close seasons, and of the good it did one's game to put the clubs away for a time in the depth of winter and give more attention to business and social matters. You would meet a man in the club-house in early November who would tell you that after that week there was no more golf for him until the fortnight before Easter. Those men are now either all dead, or emigrated, or they have changed their systems. I have positively not heard of a single man stopping the game for the winter this time, and I come into contact with different sets of players every day. What is more, until I had just written it now myself, I had never heard or seen the phrase "close season" since last year. Winter golf is a bigger and more important thing now than ever it was, and there are two good reasons for it. The first is that the courses in general are much better for winter play than they used to be. All the extra skill and science of the greenkeepers and all the years of special treatment that the courses have

will take place at Hoylake on the 3rd. However, perhaps eighty per cent. of golfers care neither for championships, University matches, nor any sort of golf except that which is played by themselves, and they may be right. All these people, then, are preparing a busy season for themselves. There will be more golf played by them than ever. The question has been raised as to the age at which a man begins to feel he will take less golf for the future. I cannot answer it, but I have a friend, aged eighty-three, who cycles down from Kensington to his course at Richmond nearly every day, plays in weather which makes youngsters blue in the face, and the other morning was complaining that there was apparently something wrong with Harry Vardon's description of things, or his understanding of them, for he had been out practising according to the champion's instructions, and something or other in the physical machinery had not worked well. This is not a fairy-tale; the facts are as I state them; and to the number I add another: that when he was seventy-nine this splendid golfing man did a hole in one.

On Cultivating Tendencies. No; I insist that this year

I will have nothing to do with that very stale form of January journalism which is associated with making decisions as to future conduct. In its application to golf it has been proved to be a failure. If you like, you may say you accept the principle that it is well to keep the eye on the ball, and that you will constantly recognise it—as you are supposed to have done in the past; but resolutions are maddening things, and the worst of it is that when you make one in regard to a point of golfing practice you frequently have cause to doubt its value soon afterwards. Much better than a resolution, which suggests some drastic course of action, is a determination to cultivate a tendency. Good golf is made out of wise tendencies rather than hard decisions. Let us say that you wish to play with a flatter swing than you do; it would be fatal to the game to attempt to make the sudden change



JUST THE PLACE FOR CHRISTMAS GOLF: ON THE CANNES LINKS,
AT MANDELIEU—DRIVING FROM THE 4TH TEE.



GOLF ON THE CANNES COURSE: A VIEW FROM THE 9TH TEE.

The Cannes Golf Club, at Mandelieu, is five miles from the town by electric tram. It is sandy and undulating. The longest hole is 432 yards.
Photographs by Sport and General.



GOLF ON THE CANNES COURSE: THE 14TH GREEN.

received have told their tale, and now we have reasonably dry fairways to walk upon, and sticky greens are comparatively rare.

Keeping It Up. It would be easy to argue that a busy winter season must lead to a busy summer one, but we may leave the summer to look after itself, for already the programme of events is a big one, and it is now settled that it will be started upon as soon as April is here with the University match, which

from the "headsman" style of driving to the flat way in one morning or afternoon. There would be no driving at all. What you should do is to keep the idea of the flat swing in mind all the time, think about it, brood upon it, get the system impregnated with it, but never consciously force it—merely picture it in the mind just before making the stroke. Then you will find it will gradually come of itself. It would be well for a man to make up his mind to cultivate a few good tendencies this year.

HENRY LEACH.



THE HOLIDAY SPIRIT—A REVIEW OF REVUES.

OVER theatres, halls, and picture-palaces alike the holiday season still exercises its influence, and special programmes are the order of the day. As a matter of fact, it does not, in many halls, lead to actual pantomime, and after the recent experiences of the Empire, it is unlikely that it ever will. This house certainly performed a feat hitherto unaccomplished, for, after forestalling all the others, it abandoned its pantomime before Christmas week had begun, and brought back "Everybody's Doing It" from the Apollo to cheer up holiday audiences. The indefatigable Pélissier, however, was not long idle, for immediately after leaving the Empire he reappeared with his Follies, this time at the Coliseum, and made it quite clear that he felt much more at home in the form of entertainment of his own devising than he did in his incursions into the realm of Panto. At the Alhambra "Kill That Fly!" is still going strong, and the Hippodrome has followed suit, so that there are now three revues to be seen within a stone's-throw of each other. By way of celebrating the season, the Palladium has reverted to the old Christy Minstrel form, whilst most of the other halls are adhering to orthodox variety. There is amongst all these something to suit the most variegated tastes, and no one has any grounds to complain of sameness or monotony. The public is being catered for vigorously, and in almost every case is responding more than satisfactorily.

The Very Latest. In "Hullo, Rag-time!" the Hippodrome has given us the best revue yet presented here. On the first night it was far too long, but this is a defect easily rectified, and the elimination of the superfluous makes the remainder all the more enjoyable. The authors, Messrs. Max Pemberton and Albert de Courville, have evolved a quite admirable *mélange* in which humour is blended with beauty, and in which splendour is not allowed to have it all its own way. It would be pedantic to examine too carefully the basis upon which any revue is constructed. So long as it covers a lot of ground and treats the topics of the day wittily and melodiously, while giving an opportunity for scenic display, it has fulfilled its mission and may justly claim to be immune from microscopic analysis. "Hullo, Rag-time!" undoubtedly fulfils these requirements, and is therefore entitled to the immunity claimed. The audience is carried from scene to scene with all the requisite irresponsibility, and is introduced to all sorts and conditions of topical and typical episodes. At one moment Mr. Cyril Clensy is giving a lifelike imitation of Mr. Martin Harvey, and at the next, the performing seals are burlesqued with infinite skill. Now we meet Mr. F. E. Smith and Mr. Winston Churchill in Eton jackets and Oriental surroundings, now the "dramatists who count" sitting in solemn conclave, now the

newest valse from Vienna. The stage is not large enough to accommodate the entertainment, and at intervals parts of the auditorium are requisitioned. Processions take place and songs are sung on a gangway running *à la Reinhardt* down the centre of the stalls; and at one time County Council officials appear in the front of the house and raise objections to the performance. Foremost amongst the episodes stands a delightful skit on the latest form of problem play, brilliantly rendered by Miss Ethel Levey and Messrs. Jerry Kirby and O. P. Heggie, and so subtly and wittily conceived and written that it was instantly attributed to Mr. J. M. Barrie. All these things are interpreted for us by a company that enters into its work with a relish. Miss Ethel Levey alternately sings, dances, and acts with extraordinary vivacity and versatility; Mr. Cyril Clensy's presentation of Wilkie Bard is amazingly faithful; Miss Shirley Kellogg and Mme. Bonita sing their rag-time numbers to perfection; while Messrs. Lew Hearn and Willie Solar keep the fun fast and furious whenever they are on the stage. To the critical it may occur that there is an excess of rag-time, but the songs are always sprightly and, coupled as they are to sparkling satire and lavish mounting, they help to form an ensemble which is quite irresistible.

A Male Impersonator. At a time of the year so closely associated with evergreens it is quite ap-

propriate that Miss Vesta Tilley should make her reappearance at the Palace. Here she is always sure of a rousing welcome. Patrons of the Palace are somewhat spoiled children. They are always being given the newest thing out. In quick succession they are presented with Maud Allan, Pavlova, Sir Herbert Tree, Mr. Cyril Maude, Mr. Arthur Bourchier, and Professor Reinhardt; but in spite of this galaxy they never grow tired of certain favourites, amongst whom Vesta Tilley holds a commanding position. The flight of the years makes not the slightest difference to Miss Tilley; her figure and her vigour remain precisely the same as they were years ago, and her tailor, a supreme sartorial artist, has lost none of his cuteness of cut. Whether she appears in an Eton jacket, in flashy seaside dittoes, or in a dress-suit, she is equally well turned out and equally merry and bright. But however many new songs and costumes she adds to her repertory, it is in the character of Tommy Atkins that her public most dearly loves her. Vesta Tilley has studied the art of walking as others study the art of dancing, and she contrives to invest her circumambulations with an amount of character which is quite astonishing. So inspiring, indeed, is its effect on the spectator, that one feels almost tempted to coin a new word and, when one wishes to express extreme admiration, to speak of an artist's vestability.

ROVER.



AS PRINCE CHARMING: MLLÉ. SPINELLY,
WHO IS TO COME TO LONDON.
Photograph by Bert.



WITH MME. ANNA PAVLOVA, IN BERLIN: MLLÉ. KARINA.
Mlle. Karina, première danseuse of the Royal Opera House, Copenhagen, was engaged by Mme. Anna Pavlova to appear with her in Berlin, in December, as solo dancer—and afterwards in New York and London.
From the Drawing by E. Krause.



ENCLOSED DRIVING—VOHLANDA—WOLSELEY'S DOWN UNDER—PRINCE OLAF'S PRESENT FROM GRANDMAMMA.

More Persecution. Truly, there is no end to the persecution of the motorist. It is not enough that his car is numbered and lamped and registered and taxed as no other vehicle ever was, but now that particularly progressive person, Mr. John Burns, has in contemplation a ukase of some kind prohibiting the use of enclosed-driving bodies. And this in the face of the fact that deeply hooded vans are permitted in which the callous driver sits absolutely engulfed, and which are pierced by law, at the side, with ridiculous little rectangular holes, through which the driver never looks, and out of which he could see nothing if he did! Now an internal-driving body is glazed all down the side, as a rule, and even without a reflector, the merest glance by the driver over his shoulder gives him a view to the rear which is ample for all purposes of safety, and ten times more than can be seen by the van-driver aforesaid, if ever the latter looks back at all. If cars of the internal-driving kind are to be vetoed in this absurd way, what will be said to an open car when the hood and side-curtains are up and meet the screen nearly all round? Truly, it looks sometimes as if, in deference to certain people's fads, we are to be legislated off the road altogether.

Light, More Light. I have more than once cavilled at the exasperating nakedness of the R.A.C. technical reports of trials. As a matter of fact, they convey nothing convincing to the average man, who has been disappointed in connection with them so often that when he meets them in the motor journals he passes them by on the other side. The certificate of a late test of "Vohlanda" fuel is a case in point. The stuff is just mentioned as "Vohlanda" fuel, but whether it is distilled from treacle or tea, whence it comes or what its price, are not vouchsafed in one iota of explanation. I shall presumably be told that if I want any further information I can communicate with Captain G. Alexander, of 4 and 5, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C., who entered the fuel for trial. But, as a layman, I think I ought to have it made clear to me whether it is worth writing to that gallant officer. A distillation test was made, but nothing is said as to whether it was good, bad, or indifferent; and what does the average motorist know about distillation—even that of whisky? Is it a good or a bad feature that 10 per cent. distilled at 57.8.C.? The running and hill-climbing and consumption tests don't look bad. A 24.8 sleeve-valve Pan-hard doing 30·4 miles per hour at 13·87 miles per gallon is not so bad. But what is "Vohlanda"?

Wolseleys with the Wallabies. In this country motor-cars are certainly very serious competitors with railways. A very large percentage of the first-class travelling week-end public, who once patronised the railway, now go by road, and motor to the depletion of the railway companies' receipts.

But down under, at the Antipodes, where gaily gambols the kangaroo, and softly sighs the platypus, the reverse is the order of the day. The Wolseley Tool and Motor Company write informing us that the Australian Government have given orders for two 16-20-h.p. Wolseley cars to be used in the construction of the transcontinental railway. These cars have a strenuous life before them, for they are to be used where no roads exist, and where no earthly motor-car has been before.

Special bodies are being designed, in which the rear of the front seat is so arranged that it will fold back and down and form sleeping accommodation for the passengers. This is necessary, for the reason that the cars will be used over districts hundreds of miles from roads and hotels. That Wolseley cars should have been selected for such awesome work is distinctly flattering to the authorities at Adderley Park.

A Carlet for a Princelet. An interesting item in the Paris Salon, and one

which attracted crowds of delighted sightseers the live-long day, was the beautiful miniature Cadillac car actually driven by the three-purpose electric self-starter which is fitted to the big car of that name. Messrs. J.

Lockwood and Co., of Liverpool Works, Brooksby Street, N., are responsible for the perfectly designed and comfortable little body, and have their pains rewarded, for the midget motor-car has been purchased by no less a person than our beloved Queen Alexandra for her little grandson, Prince Olaf of Norway. Happy little Prince, how all our mechanically minded youngsters must have envied him this Christmas, when they learnt what Grandmamma sent him! It is a delightful little car, for it is absolutely complete in every detail—having electric head, side, and tail lamps, speedometer, clock, and a scuttle-light, by which these instruments can be read. A switch on the dashboard controls the lights independently in the usual way. The two-seated body, too, is up to date

in every particular, the rear being fitted with a fold-up dickey-seat. In fact, in face and form and feature, it is just like its papa!

The Métallurgique Guarantee.

There is much satisfaction when a motorist is buying a new car to find that it carries a three-years' guarantee against all breakdowns ascribable to faulty construction or material, and such a guarantee inspires more confidence when it emanates from responsible people. I think Messrs. S. F. Edge and Co., Ltd. were the pioneers of the three-years guarantee, since when several well-known firms have followed

in their wake. Now Messrs. Métallurgique, Ltd. announce their adhesion to the system, and from what I know of the staunchness and durability of the Métallurgique cars, they run precious little risk in taking the step. The guarantee, too, has further value by reason of the fact that Métallurgiques carry a most complete range of spares in this country, and have most perfectly equipped repair-works, with a highly skilled staff.



THE NEW STYLE: THE "SUPER" TANDEM CYCLE-CAR, FROM FRANCE.

The "Super" Tandem Cycle-Car sells, complete with magneto, for 95 guineas, and is handled by Messrs. E. Jozot, Ltd., at the French House, 59-61, New Oxford Street.—[Photograph by Campbell-Gray.]



THE LATEST MODEL: THE 15·9 R.C.H.

The car sells at £225, with electric lamps, speedometer, driver's mirror, detachable rims, Dunlop tyres, hood and screen. It is handled by Messrs. Byrom and Co., of 85, Great Portland Street.

Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.

WILL 1913 BE UNLUCKY? THE "THIRTEEN" SUPERSTITION.

THE superstitious are in for a year of terrors untold. We are to have a "thirteen" in the number. That is a most sinister circumstance for the credulous, to whom "thirteen" is the most portentous of all numbers. It is not the aged crone of Devonshire, the wildly imaginative Irishman or Hielandman, to whom alone the date is fateful. You find a horror, real or affected, of the number in civic life, in commercial and business undertakings. The dread inspired by the figures extends beyond the United Kingdom. You trace it in France, where M. Clemenceau actually postpones the publication of the names of a new Cabinet, so that the list may not appear upon the thirteenth of the month. You meet it in Germany, when Bismarck, lustiest of gourmets, would sacrifice his dinner rather than make one of thirteen at table. You come up with the same superstitious terror in Switzerland, in Italy, and in the Scandinavian countries.

"Thirteen" What does it all mean? Why Banned in Paris, should 1913 be Basle, and less propitious a Brighton. period than 1912 or 1914? A man who can get £13 or £1300 for an article does not, so far as one is able to discover, demand £12 or £1200, yet he would go dinnerless rather than sit thirteen at table, miss an important meeting rather than make up a thirteen, commit all manner of absurdities in order to avoid any association with the baleful figure. You find the superstition on the Stock Exchange; you find the Paris Bourse half idle when Friday is also the thirteenth of the month. And the bravest crew afloat would not sail upon that date. Just as you find the Brighton Corporation agreeing to a house numbered thirteen being altered to 12a, so you find the Swiss authorities of Basle ruling out the hated number from all property in the municipality, whether house, tram-car, cart or tool. Not even its theatre has a seat numbered thirteen. And Paris, gay cynical Paris, when its August holidays start upon a thirteenth, stays shame-facedly at home; the trains run half-filled, the trams and buses are sparsely patronised.

The Last Supper. In the Scandinavian countries the superstition is said to have its source in mythology; in Italy the number is feared because the thirteenth card of one suite has the figure of death for its emblem. But England? Well, here there are two explanations for the seeking, though not one in a million who hugs the delusion knows them. The whole tradition as to the ill-luck thought to be associated with the number really derives from the fact that thirteen sat down to the Last Supper. Why a pernicious and blighting influence upon mankind should result from that solemn and pathetic gathering no sane man or woman has ever sought to explain. But, as we all know, the legend which has grown up runs that, of thirteen seated together, the first to rise must die within

the year. That, we are told, proceeds from the fact that Judas, who was the first to quit the Supper Table, hanged himself. Such is the scholar's explanation of the terror. But there is another and more prosaic definition of its origin.

The Fatal Insurance Average.

This was reached after laborious research by the *Gentleman's Magazine* of more than a century ago. "The superstition that where a company of persons amount to thirteen," the final judgment ran, "one of them will die within the twelvemonth afterwards, seems to be founded on the calculation adhered to by the insurance offices, which presume that out of thirteen persons, taken indiscriminately, one will die within a year." So we have it that the superstition arises either from a monstrous and unwarrantable deduction from Biblical history, or from the chance calculation of some forgotten actuary, whose figures would possibly be upset in five minutes by a modern authority upon the life averages of a company of reasonably healthy beings.

The Case of Matthew Arnold.

The most interesting case of thirteen at table occurs in the biography of Sir John Everett Millais, who one day unexpectedly found himself with twelve guests at his table, one of them being Matthew Arnold. A lady, discovering the fact, declared that she dared not remain after her painful experience on a former occasion when thirteen were present. To appease her the artist persuaded one of his sons to take his meal in another room. That son returned to the room at the close of dinner to hear Arnold say: "The idea is that whoever leaves the table first will die within a year; so, with the permission of the ladies, we will cheat the Fates for once. I and these fine strong lads (pointing to two of his fellow-guests) will all rise together,

and I think our united constitutions will be able to withstand the assault of the Reaper." Six months later, Matthew Arnold, in the prime of life and apparently in the best of health, died suddenly of heart disease. Shortly afterwards, the second of the three who had risen simultaneously from table came to a mysterious end in New York, whither he had gone after a grievous disappointment over a play which he had written. How he met his death will probably never be known. He was found shot through the head, whether by his own hand or that of another, none was able to say, though murder was suspected. The third of the three made a voyage, for his health's sake, to Australia, and his friends thought that he at least would survive the fatal period. But he set out upon the return journey on the *Quetta*, which foundered within the year, with all on board, on one of the New Guinea reefs. Such is the story, but, be it noted, there were not thirteen at dinner, and the three who rose left a table at which only twelve had dined.



A FEARSOME MASK FOR INDIAN CEREMONIES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA: A RAVEN HEAD-DRESS.

Photograph by Fleet.



NATURE THE PORTRAITIST: THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S PROFILE SUGGESTED BY HILLS IN INDIA.

Our correspondent writes: "This natural likeness of the Duke of Wellington is to be seen at Khandala, and is seventy-one miles from Bombay, near the Bhor Ghat. The hill is known as 'the Duke's Nose.' There is another formation akin to this near Poona."

upon the return journey on the *Quetta*, which foundered within the year, with all on board, on one of the New Guinea reefs. Such is the story, but, be it noted, there were not thirteen at dinner, and the three who rose left a table at which only twelve had dined.



BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

"Hullo, 1913!" I have received the following account of an audacious telephone-call: "Hullo, hullo! Is that you, 1913?"—"Yes, yes." "What are you going to do about everything? Too early to say? You're too young to give an opinion? Rubbish, you're the Heir to all the Ages. You ought to know. Is there going to be War, or are you on the side of the Norman Angells? Shall we really see the sunshine—in 1913? Will the taxis strike, and must we listen to rag-time for twelve months more? Will skirts still be narrow? Will there be a revue at every theatre—will—oh, they've rung off, and the little wretch hasn't, literally, told me anything."

The Stop-Gap Guest. There is a certain casual but popular

Guardsman in London who always describes himself as the "Stop-Gap," the guest who is invariably rung up and asked to dinner when someone is about to fail. This charming youth declares that he never reaches barracks of an evening without finding several telephone messages, telegrams, or little notes imploring him to fill a vacant chair, and that he chooses the most agreeable party, and proceeds out to dine. In this way he earns, pleasantly enough, the thanks and affection of his contemporaries. To the hostess, a possible vacant chair—especially if the missing culprit is a man—is one of the most distressing of social catastrophes. A woman may fail at a dinner-party (though she rarely does), and the thing is of no moment, because an extra masculine guest is quite in fashion, and, moreover, he is not offended if he is partnerless. But to have too many women is an odious predicament, and, in addition, it casts reflections on the attractions of the hostess herself. Thus an agreeable stop-gap, who can be counted on securely, is a priceless treasure to London dinner-givers. And it must be owned that he fills a highly necessary rôle, for the average man, particularly if he is young and light-hearted, does not take his dinner-engagements with the seriousness of more experienced guests. If the company is kept waiting half-an-hour, while the cook rages below stairs, and the host and hostess exhibit a mechanical smile in the drawing-room, be sure it is for some youth fresh from the 'Varsity or Sandhurst, who, for his part, seems by no means perturbed on his belated arrival. But the man who does not come at all, and sends an excuse at the eleventh hour, is the worst offender of any, and he deserves—but does not get—short shrift.

The Ignoble Home.

I have just been reading a diatribe by an anti-feminist writer on the enormity of the mother doing aught but look after her house and her children during her entire life. Particularly must the profession of writing be eschewed, in spite of the fact that many of the ornaments of literature have been married, and had children. The fallacy that "the hand which rocks the cradle rules the world" was

finally exploded by Lady Frances Balfour, who drily remarked at a public meeting that most of her children were now over six feet high, and no longer required this unhygienic form of exercise. The kind of anti-feminist I have in mind starts with the postulate that the Home is everything that is unselfish, sacred, noble, and inspiring; whereas we all know that the majority of households can hardly lay claim to any of these characteristics. Then again, how can an uneducated woman, whose mental horizon is limited to jam-pots, exercise such an influence over her grown-up sons and daughters as is implied in this theory? As a matter of fact, in England, at any rate, she does not. The jam-pot woman may be petted and tolerated by her grown-up family, but they would never dream, in these times, of asking her advice.

"I make allowances for my parents," declares Sweet Seventeen to Three-and-Twenty: "what do you do about yours?" The young idea, brought up by the old-fashioned mother, but emancipated by education and by liberty, is not disposed to regard the home as a particularly sacred place. And the home which is frankly ignoble by reason of quarrels, jealousy, and malice can have nothing but a deleterious effect on youngsters. They are wise if they leave it.

Power and Money-Bags. The worship of money, and the respect we pay to the amazing plutocrats of to-day, are not, it would seem, altogether base and despicable sentiments. The feudal lord used to signify a good deal (for he could command armed troops), but the modern multi-millionaire signifies a vast deal more, and hence, one supposes, our secret awe of him. For cash—or even credit—enable one to do surprising things in this world of to-day. Without it, even a giant like Cecil Rhodes knew that he was powerless, so he put all his brains, at the outset of his extraordinary career, to acquire enough capital to start

Empire-building. There are such possibilities in wealth that the possession of it transfigures people in the eyes not only of the masses, but in those of thoughtful people. Behind Mr. Pierpont Morgan we see visions of Titians and Holbeins, of Ming porcelain and the sculpture of the Renaissance. The name of Andrew Carnegie calls up a picture of millions of the world's best books, of hundreds of libraries; that of Peabody those great buildings for artisans which, though ugly enough, were the pioneers of a great social reform. Miss Helen Gould stands, alone of her family, for education and intelligent philanthropy. These people, with their potential power of acquiring the art treasures of the earth, of opening up new lands, of real benevolence, of furthering education, are wonderful modern phenomena, and none of their doings is without significance. Indeed, there are people who hold that the power of gold is now so enormous that it is no more snobbish to respect it than it is snobbish to stand in slight awe of other great forces, such as the tides and winds and storms.



FASHIONS FOR THE OUT-OF-DOORS WOMAN.
COSTUMES FOR SPORT AND TRAVELLING.

On the left is shown a turquoise-blue travelling-wrap, with deep bands of grey, and kimono sleeves finishing at the elbow. The beret is of swanskin to match. The figure in the middle has a short cashmere jacket in old-rose colour, embroidered all round, worn with a pleated skirt and a silk waistcoat trimmed with small buttons. On the right is a jacket suitable for golf or shooting, in bright-red serge and buckskin, with hat and shoes to match, and a plaid skirt.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Jan. 15.

INVESTMENT TRUST COMPANIES.

AMONG the various groups of securities on the Stock Exchange there have been few, if any, which have made steadier progress during the last two years, or been less affected by outside influences, than the one comprising Investment Trust Companies.

For the ordinary investor, and more especially the man with a limited capital, the stocks of some of these Companies are particularly attractive. Nearly all these Trusts hold interests in concerns operating all over the world, and an investor is thus enabled to spread his risk in a manner otherwise quite impossible.

The directors, as a rule, are men of knowledge and experience, who are in a position to get far better information and opportunities than the ordinary person—as, for instance, in the underwriting of attractive issues.

We have advised the purchase of some of these stocks on several occasions, and the advances which have taken place have fully justified our opinions. We hear that the market is likely to be freer in the near future, which is an additional advantage.

The following table will show how satisfactory are the advances, and although this rate cannot be expected to continue indefinitely, we have every confidence that quotations will be considerably higher in twelve months' time.

	End of 1910.	End of 1911.	End of 1912.
Foreign and Colonial Investment Trust	129	134	141½
Government Stock and Other Securities	95	113	118
Investment Trust	190	211½	221½
Metropolitan Trust (Ordinary)	184	216	233½
Omnium	83	93	108½
River Plate and General Investment	152	174	187
Scottish Investment Trust	85	92	103½

The Stock referred to is the Deferred, except in the case of the Metropolitan Trust.

EGYPTIAN SALT AND SODA.

Although the quotation of the Ordinary shares of this Company has advanced 6d. to 16s. 9d., the Report recently issued makes them look even more attractive than when we last referred to them. The dividend for the year ending Aug. 31 last has been raised to 6½ per cent., against 6 per cent. a year ago, and from the figures it is clear that the directors could have paid considerably more if they had thought it advisable.

After allowing for depreciation and transferring £E2500 for bad and doubtful debts, the net revenue balance amounts to £E50,200, or an increase of 25 per cent. over last year. The dividend absorbs £E20,900, and £E29,300 remains to be carried forward, against £E11,100 brought into the account.

CENTRAL AMERICA.

Referring to the new conditions in Central America owing to the construction of the Panama Canal, Mr. Kelly, chairman and managing director of the Salvador Railway Company, made some remarks at the meeting the other day which are worth the attention of all who have interests in that part of the world. In the course of his speech he said: "To put it in a nutshell, wherever there is an American in these countries to-day he can depend upon Washington being at his back, and the chances of the Englishman somehow become correspondingly lessened. . . . The fact has got to be faced in any case that Central America in its entire length and breadth is coming to be regarded in the United States as their own special preserve, and Europeans of whatever nationality may now expect, at all events where public works are concerned, to be excluded wherever it may be possible to induce weak Governments to exclude them."

If this represents an accurate view of the state of affairs (and we have no reason to doubt it), the situation is by no means satisfactory, and we think the suggestion, which was made later on in the meeting, that Great Britain should have a commercial representative in each of the Central American States, is most desirable.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"A lean year, I call it—a lean year," and The Broker sighed a little heavily.

"Good in places, like the clerical egg?" suggested The Banker.

"You have not helped us much, you in Lombard Street," was The Broker's mild reproach. "We have not seen money really cheap all through the twelvemonth."

"Not cheap, perhaps, but generally what might be termed easy," The Banker parried. "There has been, as a rule, a sufficiency of loanable capital—on terms."

"On terms," repeated The City Editor, with a chuckle. "Trade in the country has been too good for money to become really cheap."

"And the prospect does not favour much change," remarked The Broker. "I rather look for money to remain dear for some time to come."

"Oh, well, here's the New Year upon us, and it won't get any dearer—that's one comfort," The Engineer consoled them.

"It will if the Balkans war begins again," murmured The Solicitor.

The rest of The Carriage frowned him down as a pessimist. "And a pessimist," declared The Jobber, "is plainly out of place at the beginning of a year."

"But we're not quite out of the Old Year yet," was the bantering reply. "And I have been adding up some of my losses!"

"If peace breaks out, d'you think we shall see the boom that everyone is prophesying?"

The Broker said he was convinced that there would be a decent rise in most markets.

"And you think the public would come in and spend their money in the Stock Exchange?"

"There are a good many taps waiting to be turned on," The City Editor reminded them.

"You mean the stuff taken over from weak accounts during the October slump? Heavens! what a long while ago that seems to be!"

"Yes. You brokers know quite well of fifty thousand stock here, and a hundred thousand there, and so on."

"Quite exceptional cases," said The Broker.

"The trouble is you can't tell to what extent those exceptional cases have gone."

"Oh, cease these abstractions," said The Jobber impatiently, "and do for goodness' sake talk about something cheerful. A Kaffir boom, for instance!"

There followed untimely mirth.

"One never knows, though," said The Engineer. "More impossible things have happened."

"Don't remind us of Anglo-Continents," laughed The Solicitor.

A shiver seemed to run round The Carriage. Maybe it was a rough piece of road just there.

"One of my New Year resolutions—" announced The Broker.

"Sit back and hold tight," The Jobber advised them.

"—Is to buy only such stuff as I know to have some intrinsic merit. No more rubbish for me."

"That rules out about ninety per cent. of the things you will be most tempted to gamble in."

"Don't care if it does. And I advise all of you who don't act upon the axiom already, to follow my resolution."

"Follow it? No fear," said The Jobber. "We all know where that resolution will go; and I, for one, am not going to make a paving-stone of myself voluntarily. I'm a bit to the good this year—"

"Dear me!" cried The Banker. "Why, so you are!" and he handed the *Times* to The Broker, pointing to a few lines in the first column.

"Well—I'm—blest!" and The Broker passed the paper round.

A chorus of congratulations; a rush to shake hands: "That makes the third!" cried The City Editor. "What price our friend here?"

"Pa to threé, of course."

"Oh, chestnuts!" retorted the blushing parent. "Even my wife told me that."

Saturday, Dec. 28, 1912.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, *The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.*, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. H. (Wallington).—We think you would be wise to join the reconstruction—although, of course, it is a gamble.

THRUP.—Of your list we like No. 3 the best. No. 5 would advance with the Rhodesian Market. Grand Trunk Third Prefs. and Great Central Prefs. should suit you. International Railways of Central America also look attractive.

F. M. (Norfolk).—(1) Sell. (2) and (3) Are thoroughly sound, and you should hold.

MORE LIGHT.—(1) There are many vague rumours, and we know nothing definite, but should be inclined to hold. (2) Negotiations are proceeding. (3) Is certainly in a better position now, and appears to have possibilities as a gamble.

Messrs. Boulton Brothers and Co. announce that the coupon of the Montenegro 5 per cent. Government Loan falling due Jan. 1, 1913, should be presented for payment on that or any subsequent day at their offices, 39, Old Broad Street, E.C.

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

The New Year. This very small personage will have arrived by the time these lines are printed. I hope things will go well with him and us: there are people who consider thirteen an unlucky number. I hope the year will convert them to the side of those who look upon it as a mascot; for my own part, more good than bad luck is associated with thirteen. Christmas was a busy time; whether there was more money spent than in other years I should not like to say. It was very cheery to read that trade was booming, and to see no dreary, heartbreaking processions of unemployed and unemployable, and so we enter on the New Year with so much to the good. The first Court of next year is fixed for Feb. 7—just a month earlier than the first Court of last year. The pre-Easter season will be also earlier, as Easter will be so. Ascot Meeting will begin one day sooner than last year—June 17, instead of June 18—and the International Horse Show at Olympia will open this year on the last day of Ascot (Friday, June 20), instead of, as last year, opening on June 17—the Monday in Ascot Week. A number of balls and dances are being talked about: on the evening of the 20th of this month there is to be a Réveillon and Bal Masqué at the Savoy, organised by Mrs. Hwfa Williams, for the London Hospital.

No one is to be asked to unmask, but a prize will be given to the handsomest lady who does so after supper. The prize will have to be handsome, too!

Eagerly Awaited. Very popular is Harrod's one-week sale. It will begin on Monday next, Jan. 6, and terminate on Jan. 11. Those who know the ropes recognise this sale as an opportunity for investing money to the very best advantage, and for acquiring as bargains things and garments that they cannot otherwise afford. The things sold are solely the surplus of Harrod's regular stock of the very finest quality and character. Save on the bargain-floor, no job goods whatever are included in the sale. So it is waited for by the wise, to buy the most exclusive fashionable clothes at prices easy beyond belief, and to furnish or replenish houses, and also to provision them. Excursion trains are run to town on

purpose for this great sale. With the cold part of the winter to come, fur-lined coats, which have been freely sold for 15½ guineas, at 9½ guineas are desirable and delightful. There are other and even more wonderful bargains in the coat department which will be keenly appreciated. In flowers and feathers there are fine bargains: coloured and remarkably handsome lancer feathers, which were 19s. 6d., will be sold for 12s. 9d. In neck-wear, it will be found easy to buy for a few shillings things which were from a guinea upwards, every one of which is exclusive in style and of the best materials. Travelling-coats, warm, light, and beautifully cut and built, begin at a guinea; sporting-skirts in tweeds, at 9s. 6d.; and raincoats and macintoshes, at 18s. 6d. Hats will be a great draw; those of velours, with bands and bows of corded ribbon, which were 23s. 9d., will be 15s. 9d.; and dressy hats which were several guineas are to be sold at two guineas and at 35s. 6d. Blouses, coatees, and skirts are to be sold at extraordinary reductions. In every department, in short, it will be possible to secure Harrod's first-rate things at a price lower than is asked in some quarters for shoddy ones. If it is not possible to pay a personal visit to the sale, it will be quite safe to order from the catalogue.

A FAIR AMERICAN COMPOSER IN LONDON : MISS FRANCES WEIR.

Miss Frances Weir is known as the composer of several charming songs, including "Where Roses Fade," "A Year Ago," and "A Celtic Lullaby." She was a pupil of the late Mr. Edward McDowell, a well-known American composer, and studied the piano in Berlin under Leopold Godowsky. Miss Weir has also won success as a singer, possessing a good soprano voice.

Photograph by Elwin Neame.

purpose for this great sale. With the cold part of the winter to come, fur-lined coats, which have been freely sold for 15½ guineas, at 9½ guineas are desirable and delightful. There are other and even more wonderful bargains in the coat department which will be keenly appreciated. In flowers and feathers there are fine bargains: coloured and remarkably handsome lancer feathers, which were 19s. 6d., will be sold for 12s. 9d. In neck-wear, it will be found easy to buy for a few shillings things which were from a guinea upwards, every one of which is exclusive in style and of the best materials. Travelling-coats, warm, light, and beautifully cut and built, begin at a guinea; sporting-skirts in tweeds, at 9s. 6d.; and raincoats and macintoshes, at 18s. 6d. Hats will be a great draw; those of velours, with bands and bows of corded ribbon, which were 23s. 9d., will be 15s. 9d.; and dressy hats which were several guineas are to be sold at two guineas and at 35s. 6d. Blouses, coatees, and skirts are to be sold at extraordinary reductions. In every department, in short, it will be possible to secure Harrod's first-rate things at a price lower than is asked in some quarters for shoddy ones. If it is not possible to pay a personal visit to the sale, it will be quite safe to order from the catalogue.

For Luxury and Economy. These two things are seldom synonymous; when they are, the result is highly satisfactory. It will be found so by those who visit the sale, beginning next Monday, Jan. 6, and ending on the 25th, at what so many consider one of the nicest shops in London—Marshall and Snelgrove's, Vere Street and Oxford Street. There are few who do not already know the genuine nature of this sale, which consists

of the reliable regular goods of the firm. For those unable to go to it, buying by post is absolutely satisfactory, and carriage is paid on all articles. In consequence of new arrangements on the ground-floor, which will be completed early in spring, there will be special reductions in silks and dress-materials. The new first-floor will be found a model for up-to-date and luxurious shopping. Not having much space at my command, I can indicate only one or two out of scores of really good style and really good things which will be reduced enormously in price. A coat and skirt of striped velours delaine, the coat smartly cut and lined with satin in navy, heliotrope, grey, tan, saxe, and mole, which was sold for 5½ guineas, will be obtainable for 84s. There are extraordinary bargains in tea-gowns, very smart,

of beautiful line and finest fabrics, at varied and most enticing prices. The same is abundantly true of very smart coats and wraps. Ladies and girls thinking of gaieties in town and country at this season will find delightful frocks and gowns at the easiest prices. In lingerie, for which the house is noted, the reductions are most important, and there are splendid bargains in gloves and neck-wear. There are charming bags at astonishing prices, and also hair-bands, belts, and neck-ties. In every department of this house, celebrated for the excellence of all it sends out into the world, men and ladies, boys and girls, will find remarkable bargains in the true sense of that hard-worked

word, getting what they want at most advantageous cost.

Saints Uncanonised.

I almost blushed the other day when I was asked if I would like a halo; undeserving as I am at all times of such a decoration, especially had I been so on the occasion I was offered it, having been rendered extremely irritable by the refusal of a recently purchased hat to sit straight on my head. When I was told that the halo in question was one

designed to make the said hat more comfortable, that I could have it black, white, or coloured, and that its cost was inconsiderable, I concluded that the halo doesn't make the saint. I had it, and it has so far conduced to my more saint-like mood that the hat is comfortable. I am, however, like my sister wearers of halos, still far from canonisation!



MOTHER OF CINCINNATI'S "TITANIC" BABY
MRS. ELOISE SMITH, ONE OF THE BRIDE-WIDOWS
WHO SURVIVED THE GREAT SHIPWRECK.

Mrs. Eloise Smith, whose baby was born recently in Cincinnati, was on her honeymoon trip on board the "Titanic" and her husband was drowned. She is a daughter of Congressman Hughes, of West Virginia. She is only nineteen.—[Photograph by Topical.]



RECENTLY MARRIED IN JOHANNESBURG : MR. STANLEY STEELE AND HIS BRIDE (FORMERLY MISS MABEL GREEN).
Mrs. Stanley Steele is well remembered, under her maiden name, in musical comedy. Mr. Steele, who is also a Londoner, is a widely travelled man. They are making their home in Surrey.

Photograph by Bassano.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"Cheadle and Son."

By A. HAMILTON GIBBS.
(*Chatto and Windus.*)

Mr. Gibbs has produced a complete guide to Oxford from the 'Varsity man's point of view, and incidentally illustrated the education in life which it supplies, by the person of young Cheadle, whom we first meet playing in the Eton eleven at Lord's. The parent Cheadle, whose exploits in contracting had made Eton and John's a possibility for Bill, is not an unfamiliar type—a rough, self-made man with one romance buried beneath his rather blatant exterior. That romance was Bill's mother, but, as she died at his birth, father and son lived as strangers for want of a fusing medium. Oxford scarcely seems a promising theatre for such a search, and yet young Cheadle, by learning life there, does actually learn the road to his father's heart. For Oxford is like a carved Chinese bell, says our author—one world inside another; and Bill was enabled to do Oxford very thoroughly, owing to the fact that his father allowed him £1800 the first year and only £300 the second—old Cheadle had had a stroke and lost money. The second Oxford shows better than the first, but every detail—from a scout to the Union—is enthusiastically considered, and will doubtless be pleasantly recalled here by many a personally interested reader.

"The Inferno."

By AUGUST STRINDBERG.
(*Rider.*)

Strindberg himself, possessed by a sufficiently sensitive conscience, could only fit crimes to his punishment by reverting to a period before birth. "Sex or religion," says George Moore, "these are the two whetstones to man's mental activity"; "Woman and God," declares a writer quoted by the translator of this volume, "are the two rocks on which a man must either anchor or be wrecked." In the autobiographical book preceding "The Inferno," Strindberg sends up signals of distress with every chapter, as his Ego dashes helplessly on the rock called Woman. "The Confessions of a Fool" voice the despair of a man who feels himself noble yet suffers ignoble subjugation at the feet—"the smallest feet in the world"—of a woman entirely Mme. Bovary in type. It makes unhappy reading, but never achieves the terror of "The Inferno," which is

concerned not with sex but religion. The Mme. Bovary wife had been divorced, and the first page of "The Inferno" sees him parting with her successor and their baby after two years of marriage. Having seen them off, he returned to his café in the Latin Quarter with a wild and joyous sense of freedom. He had just had a brilliant success as dramatic author; he intended to obliterate it by some magnificent discovery in chemistry. But the spirits of disappointment, mistrust, and hate which brooded verminous in his self-absorption rose to control his whole being. It was not now an enemy here or there, a jealous wife, or a malicious friend, but creation, animate and inanimate, that made threatening gestures. That head with the goat's beard which was Pan to the ancients, and the Devil to the Middle Ages, grinned through his world from the grained panelling of a cupboard to the shell of a tortoise. A glass upset, a chimney on fire, were demoniacal challenges; the direction of a fallen twig or the shape of a pebble on his path through the Luxembourg were omens of disaster. Fiends arranged the spring-mattress of a guest-chamber, the brass knobs of a bed-post, or the lightning-conductor outside, with a view to a special torture he insists on calling "electrical," which drove him forth by night from every sheltering roof. Job and Prometheus became to him as prototypes; he used the phrases of their agony. And as his tired body fled from the hospitality of lodgings or hotel or puzzled friends, his tired spirit kept pace in the super-world of religious imagination: Buddha, Swedenborg, Catholicism, witchcraft, and magic—none could give it a resting-place. "From childhood onwards I have sought for God, and found the Devil." But even he has a chapter called "Beatrice." His Beatrice is his little daughter Christine, two and a half years old, whom he was permitted to visit. "Love for a child turns a man into a woman," he says; "it is sexless and heavenly." But he soon finds her endless questionings, her demands on his attention, her moods, a distraction and a bore. With exhausted brain and fettered soul after one of these experiences, he exclaims, "What a penance—to be loved! Truly, the powers are not so cruel as we are!" There may be an obvious opening here for a moral. But to condemn and to moralise are easy enough. Not for Strindberg's sake so much as our own, it is more important to understand. "The fierce July heat broods over the city; life is intolerable, and everything is malodorous. I expect a catastrophe." That is the Strindberg attitude. Yet through the blackest days, when he felt the universe of men and things to be crushingly hostile, he

[Continued overleaf.]



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CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with "The Sleeping Beauty," at Drury Lane; a Cliff Carved into a Buddha; a Steel Rainbow; Mannequin Models in Wax; Hassall Going to Tea with Rackham; "Goblin Market"; the Evolution of Playing Cards from the Book of Thoth Hermes Trismegistus; "Nini and Fifi"; the Parisienne of To-morrow; the Dragon King in "Where the Rainbow Ends"; "The Maligner"; Things Seen in Dreams; and the "thirteen" superstition in regard to the New Year.

The STOCKTAKING

S A L E

commences January 6th
and continues for twelve days only. ~



10/- each
worth 42/- each.

Debenham & Freebody's Sale commences on Monday next, January 6th, and will continue for Twelve Days only. In order to ensure a complete clearance of all season's goods, the Reductions are on a particularly drastic scale.

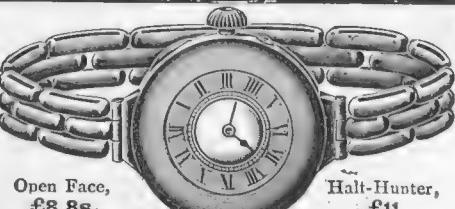
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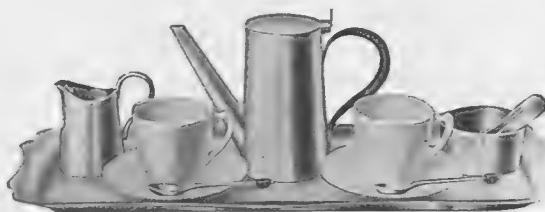
B 3704. Sterling Silver Teapot $\frac{1}{2}$ pint, **£3 17 6**
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P 1549. Liqueur Stand, in Best Quality Silver Plate, **£1 4 0**



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EARLY MOTOR-CAR TYPES

No. 5.—The Gladiator.

The year 1896, marked in the Dunlop Series by an early Gladiator car, was an eventful one in the history of motoring. On November 13, to drive without being preceded by a man carrying a red flag, or without complying with the law laid down for the regulation of traction-engines and steam-rollers, was to pursue the direct road to the police station. A day later this anomaly was removed, and motor-cars were allowed to pursue peacefully the path of evolution, though at the strictly limited speed of 12 miles per hour. Emancipation Day, as November 14 was dubbed, was celebrated by a drive to Brighton, in which 33 cars took part, 13 surviving the journey.

The illustration is interesting, also, in that it shows a type of vehicle that has now almost disappeared from the London streets. One may safely prophesy that to the next generation the horse-drawn omnibus will be known only by pictorial representation. Such a thought, one may be sure, never entered the heads of the "outsides" as they gazed with amusement on the little Gladiator alongside in 1896.

In tyre history, too, 1896 has a special significance. It was the first year in which Dunlops came into general use for motor-cars, and from that year onwards there has been a steady rise in both Dunlop quality and reliability, until, like the modern car, it is difficult to see in what way they can be improved.

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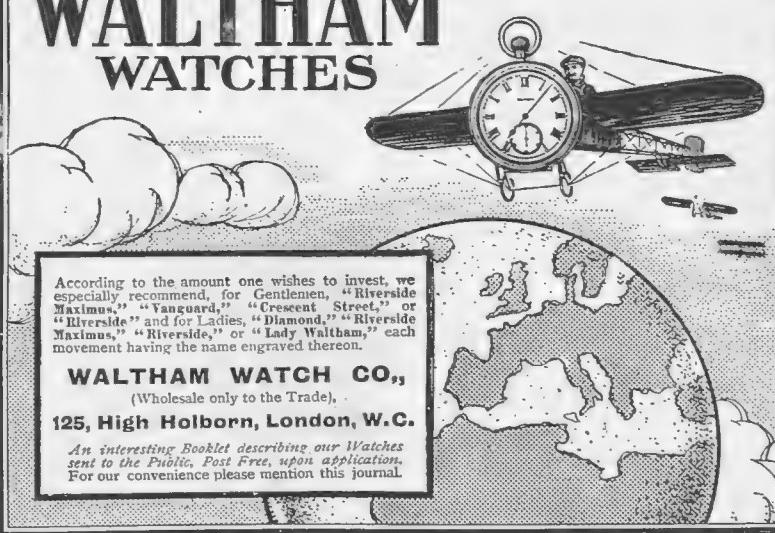
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Cloths, 2 X 2½ yds. 8/6 and 9/9 each.
" 2 X 3 yds. 9/11 and 11/6 "
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A number of odd lots :—

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At the Winter Sales.

THE temptation to replenish my wardrobe on exceptionally advantageous terms caused me to wend my way to 11, Hanover Street on Monday last, since I knew the Annual Winter Sale of the London Corset Co. was in full progress.

This is the only house at which I have seen a pair of real French corsets guaranteed actually made in Paris, and with two pairs of suspenders, for the ridiculous sum of 9/11, whilst another model, rather longer over the hips, also including suspenders, can be obtained during the sale for 14/5.

Having secured the riding corset for which I entered, I was further tempted to purchase one of the new "Tricot" models, made in two prices, and reduced during the sale to £3 7s. 6d. and £3 15s. 6d., and of these I selected the latter, as their shape appealed to me irresistibly. The "Tricot" is of the finest, the boning of the lightest, and yet the corset is so strong that it simply moulds the form of the wearer, and keeps same beautifully together.

The models sketched on this page are of white Coutille, one being very long below the waist and low in the bust, the other being fairly high in the bust and moderately deep below the waist. Each of these models is priced during the sale at 22s. 6d.

There were numberless other models, from 19/- upwards, including the Crepe-de-Chine, which I consider the finest model I have ever inspected. They are of the lightest possible weight, very low in the bust and extremely long on the hips, so modelled that the figure is



not only improved but kept beautifully together. The material is of the strongest and necessitates very little boning, and the six suspenders which are supplied with it keep the corset in correct and perfect position. The usual price of this is 6 guineas, but during the sale, which terminates on the 20th, it is reduced to £5 15s. 6d.

Included in the sale are also a number of hand-embroidered blouses, most of which are trimmed with real lace and entirely hand-made. These are obtainable at various prices from 12s. 11d. to 8 guineas.

The stock also includes some white shirts of the finest quality Japanese silk, hand-made and tucked with collar, either stand-up or turned-down, according to taste, with cravate, which can be had in various colours. These have small pockets at the side, and are moderately priced during the sale at 38s. 9d.

A very distinctive blouse of blue satin, cut in the style of a gentleman's dress waistcoat, with fine shirt front of pleated chiffon—this has a soft stand-up collar, finished at neck with a band and bow in the style of a dress tie. This can be obtained in various colours, and has three buttons to match down the front to take the place of studs. This blouse has a smart rolled collar buttoned at the side and finished off at the waist with a pleated belt. The long shirt sleeves are finished with a chiffon cuff-frill, with self-coloured buttons at side. The sale price is 3½ guineas. The same model can also be obtained in all white.

An important point, of which too much cannot be made, is that this firm pay as much care and attention to the cut and fit of their blouses during the sale as at other times.

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What better gift can woman desire than a perfect complexion? And yet, after all, the beauty of the complexion is to a great extent purely a matter of cultivation. If every woman would only make it a daily practice to gently massage her face and hands with Beetham's La-rola, it is safe to say that her skin would soon become beautifully clear and soft, and her complexion would rival the peach in delicacy and hue.



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BE FREE OF ALL DANGER OF 'GOING WRONG' ;
WITH CAREERS AS BRILLIANT & BODIES AS STRONG
AS THE DRAWN WIRE TUNGSTEN **"WOTAN"** LAMP."

"**WOTAN**" LAMPS ARE OBTAINABLE FROM ALL ELECTRICIANS
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CALOX
The Oxygen Tooth Powder
For Mouth Cleanliness.

Mouth - cleanliness means tooth - cleanliness, gum - cleanliness, breath - cleanliness, and above all where there are artificial dentures, denture - cleanliness — these things mean, collectively, mouth - health.

Calox Tooth Powder, which in use releases Oxygen, Nature's finest purifier, scientifically ensures mouth-health. Briefly, Calox destroys mouth germs neutralises acids, prevents tartar deposit, whitens the teeth, and counteracts tooth-sensitivity.

TEST CALOX FREE

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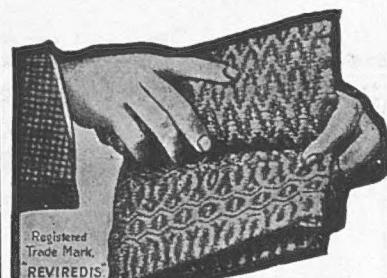
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never ceased to write and work. A friend once remarked to him of a mutual acquaintance, and the remark may be applied to Strindberg himself: "There seemed to be a fate brooding over this fine mind, with marks of genius. . . ."

"The Quest
of the
Golden Rose."
By JOHN OXENHAM.
(*Methuen.*)

hard, self-seeking barrister—these are the males holiday-making in the Swiss Alps. Besides the charming Englishwoman, there is a beautiful young peasant, her sturdy, educated father, who is a guide; their magnificent dog (cured by the eye-doctor and thenceforth devoted to him), and a sinister rustic who smuggles in preference to another trade. All these work out their several designs, which are as familiar as the Swiss landscape of a lithograph. Two adventurous climbs, and two suicides in a terrible waterfall add incident to the novel, but scarcely redeem it from the commonplace and the trivial.

"Our Alty."

By M. E. FRANCIS
(Mrs. FRANCIS BLUNDELL).
(*John Long.*)

Mrs. Blundell's story, but the fragrance and the flavour of it belong entirely to Alty. Nothing could be more attractive and desirable, nothing less pretty-pretty, than her fresh, boyish nature, which demanded fair play and fresh air, and woke so imperceptibly to fervent womanhood. Of course she had a lovely person, but the individuality of that nature is suggested with enough art to make the chestnut hair and blue eyes and gracious figure merely suitable accessories. Besides the creation of Alty, there are some delightful pictures of rural life and manners in an unspoiled corner of

"The Quest of the Golden Rose" is a machine-made story, its pattern of character carefully arranged for, and its pattern of local colour chosen to assure as much picturesqueness as possible. A noble and compassionate doctor, specialising in the eye, an inspired artist, a

Lancashire. One of the best occurs with the rising of the curtain on old "Grandfeyther." He was so long a-dying that he caught his wife anxiously examining the ham which was intended as the *pièce de résistance* for the funeral feast. But he had the luck to die in time, and they gave him a beautiful funeral. "It all passed off very nicely," said Alty, with a retrospective sigh of content, followed by a quick sob. "Tis all over an' done wi' now, an' poor Grandfeyther lays underground, an' there's nowt to look forward to." "Grandma" is extraordinarily alive to the last chapter.

As the years roll by "Who's Who" (A. and C. Black) continues to grow in bulk, like a prosperous City gentleman. "Who's Who" for 1913 has enlarged its proportions, and a very good thing, too, for the more names it contains the more useful it is. The person who keeps out of "Who's Who," whether from modesty or from a superior idea that it is a distinction to be omitted, is only making himself a nuisance to those who require the book for practical purposes. The people who are most difficult to track in personal books of reference are foreign and colonial notabilities. An international "Who's Who," very full of names with brief particulars, would be a useful supplement to the British work, which, it should be added, already includes some of the best known foreigners.

"Debrett" for 1913, which has duly appeared, contains all its familiar features, brought up to date and enlarged to contain the 675 new honours which have been conferred during the past year. These include full details of all the recipients of Indian honours in connection with the Durbar, which, in the last edition of "Debrett," could only be briefly mentioned, as it went to press before they were officially announced. A feature of the new edition is the substitution of fresh heraldic illustrations for the old ones in many cases, a process to be gradually completed throughout. An interesting item in the preface is the story of a libel action brought against "Debrett" (and subsequently withdrawn) on the subject of the paragraph relating to the modes of addressing divorced ladies.

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